

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN

THE WOODSTOCK MURDER.



Why did Reginald Birchall
Kill F. C. Benwell?

Vol. IV. OCT. 18th, 1890. No. 35.

CONTENTS:

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. *Frontispiece.*

Yellowstone Park. The nation's great playing ground. By JOSEPH P. READ. *Illustrated.*

The Countess Kessler. ALEXANDRE CABANEL'S last portrait.

Romances of the Day. No. 1. The Crime of the Bottomless Lake. An entirely novel account of the most singular murder of our time. With illustrations made on the spot by GEORGE VARIAM.

With Each Other's Eyes. Chapters V. and VI. A strange story by R. S. W. DUKE, Jr. Illustrated by G. A. DAVIS. *Concluded.*

German Opera in New York. By EDMUND C. STANTON. Illustrated with portraits of the principal singers who have been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House.

Otero, the Spanish Dancer and Rival of Carmencita. With Portraits.

Cobwebs of Criticism. How the old English and Scotch critics slashed the greatest writers of their day. *Illustrated.*

The Lick Statuary. A monument to be raised in San Francisco to commemorate the wonderful growth of California. *Illustrated.*

Current Topics of Interest to Women.

Literature—Facts and Fancies—Games.

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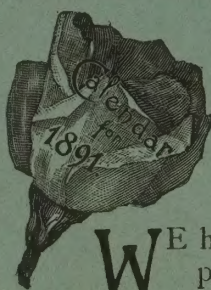
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MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS, *NÉE* FAIR. (See page 183.)

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MAURICE M. MINTON, EDITOR.

Current Comment.

THE IRISH FAMINE.—The shadow of an impending famine again hangs over Ireland. To all who are familiar with the horrors of the past, the imminent horrors of the future are almost too hideous for contemplation. We involuntarily avert our eyes from the gaunt spectre that haunts the devoted island. But we must turn again and gaze at it unflinchingly; we must compass all its frightful possibilities; we must throw ourselves in its way; we must do our utmost to stem and stay those possibilities. Money and time must be placed at the disposal of our suffering sister; appeals must be made to all the charitable; subscriptions must be collected. It is true that when America came generously to the front in 1880 and poured a stream of gold across the ocean, the Irish leaders pledged themselves and their people never again to appeal for similar aid to America. They are silent now; they are mindful of their pledge. It is for us to speak; it is for us to ignore the pledge. Nor is there any time to lose. Work must be begun at once. The assistance which was so generous before came too late to avert much suffering and to save many lives—suffering that might have been averted, lives that might have been saved. Already, indeed, the necessity for immediate action has been recognized. An American committee for the relief of famine in Ireland has been formed. It numbers many of the most prominent citizens of the country, irrespective of party, creed, or race. Its headquarters are in New York. The *Sun* of that city has consented to act as its treasurer. Its agents are scattered throughout the country. The appeal which it has issued to the American people will meet with a wide and generous response. And there is every reason to hope that the impending disaster may be averted instead of tardily checked.

INTER-OCEANIC CANALS.—The Nicaragua Canal was begun some six years after the Panama Canal. But even if the latter project be pushed to a completion, the former will be the first to be opened for traffic. Work in Nicaragua is being pushed steadily forward. In Panama it has come to a standstill. The commission of engineers who were appointed by the liquidator of the Panama Canal

Company to look into its affairs, have made a report which calmly recognizes all the difficulties in the way, but which indicates that the project is still a possibility. Meanwhile, Lieut. L. N. B. Wise has obtained from the United States of Colombia an extension of six years over the present concession, which expires in 1892. It is expected that the Nicaragua Canal will be completed by 1897, which would give it at least a year during which it will monopolize the traffic of the world, and accustom trade to flow through its channels. This is supposing that the Panama Canal can be completed within the specified limitation of time. But that is very, very doubtful. If money can be raised to meet the enormous financial cost, a cost far greater than that of the rival enterprise, the difficulties in the way of any rapid completion of the work are insurmountable. The climate is far less healthy than that of Nicaragua, malarious and insalubrious as is the latter. The rainfalls in the wet season swell the Panama creeks and rivers to torrents, which seriously interfere with steady work. Then the Cordillera Mountains, which at the Culebra are three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, cannot be cut through, in spite of M. de Lesseps's confident anticipations, and his project of a sea-level canal has been abandoned for a system of locks and dams with a long basin at the Culebra. The foundations there are unstable, and will need an immense amount of masonry to prevent caving in. The advantages are clearly with Nicaragua.

A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION.—There was once a terrible Nihilist in New York named Sergius Shevitch. For several years he was always on the platform at every socialist meeting, shrieking for the blood of all monarchs and tyrants, denying the existence of a God, denouncing marriage, and showing, by personal example, an absolute contempt for the bath. But six months ago he sailed for Europe, and latest advices indicate that he has suffered a sea-change into something well off, if not rich, and very, very strange. In Paris he not only got married, but got married in the Russian-Greek Catholic Church. Then he went to Russia with Mrs. Shevitch and there accepted a government position at Riga. His brother, who probably knew him well, assured the Czar that Sergius is absolutely harmless, which is undoubtedly true.

BOOTS AT THE PLAY.—The manager of a theatre in Pittsburgh, Pa., has made a startling innovation by issuing a ukase allowing no barefooted person to appear in his audience. This may not seem so startling in the upper walks of society, which are usually trod by nicely booted feet. The eminent and mystic brotherhood of the Four Hundred have never, we are credibly informed, manifested any desire to appear, even at a *matinée*, without their shoes and socks. But among the gentlemen who frequent what is fondly known as the Family Circle in theatrical parlance, and as the Peanut Gallery in the oriental language of the street Arab—in that exalted circle the haughtiest and most exclusive of the attendant youth are frequently compelled by financial reverses to go without shoes even on full-dress occasions. Consequently there is great dissatisfaction among the news-boys and the boot-blacks. Strategy has been resorted to, but in vain. A young gentleman whose brogans had admitted him without question was caught in the act of throwing those credentials from a gallery window to his shoeless chum, who awaited them in the street below. That manœuvre has consequently been balked. It has been suggested by a keen and practical mind that the

proper thing for the street Arabs is to imitate their compatriots of the desert and become Mussulmans. Mussulmans, it is well known, remove, not their turbans, but their shoes, when they would display proper deference in entering a house or a public building. As Mussulmans, therefore, they might appeal to that clause of the United States Constitution which prohibits interference with the free exercise of any religious faith.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.—Mr. Ward McAllister and other un-Americans are bowing low before the Comte de Paris. Royalty, even when it is out of a job and discredited at home, will always find worshippers, it appears, among the inhabitants of this country of republican institutions. A title is looked upon with solemn awe. But even here there are men and men. Let us recommend to Mr. McAllister and others of his kidney the example of a gentleman who looms up quite as large in the popular mind as even the discoverer of the Four Hundred—Captain Anson, of the Chicago League team. That great man was at a banquet in England given to the travelling base-ball players. Among the hosts was the Duke of Beaufort, whom all the speakers reverently referred to as "Me Lord Duke." His lordship in turn made a speech in which he spoke highly of Anson. Then the gentle giant, whom the public loves to call "Baby Anson," responded. "I ain't much of a speech-maker," he began, and hesitated. Then he went on: "But I propose three cheers for his dukelets over there." Now, we don't recommend the speech to Mr. McAllister as an example of gentlemanly suavity, but as breathing, a little too brusquely undoubtedly, the true democratic indifference to titles.

"DRAPED DAISIES."—The attention of Mr. John Wanamaker, the excellent Postmaster-General who made a gallant attempt to suppress the "Kreutzer Sonata," is respectfully called to the fact that he should deny the facilities of the mail to certain unholy illustrations of pretty girls with scanty clothing, which Mr. John Wanamaker, the merchant of Philadelphia, is using as advertisements of his business. They are familiarly known in Philadelphia to-day as "Wanamaker's Draped Daisies." But the word "draped" is used in a slightly Pickwickian sense, the drapery being not of a kind that would be approved of by eminent educationalists in Brooklyn, for example. In these days, when the public eye has at last been opened to the horrible licentiousness of Longfellow, the impurity of Tolstoi, the draped daisy must go, or public opinion, crushed to earth, will rise again and assert its outraged majesty.

NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.—At last, after long deliberation by the great minds at Washington, the question of naval nomenclature has been settled. First-rates (or vessels of not less than five thousand tons displacement) will be named after the States; second-rates (three thousand to five thousand tons) after the cities; third-rates (one thousand to three thousand tons) after names and events in our naval history; fourth-rates (less than one thousand tons) after our lakes and rivers. The system is a sufficiently meritorious one. But it has its disadvantages. For instance, one cannot be certain that it will ever be carried out in its philosophical completeness. There is no provision in the new law for the abandonment of the existent names. Indeed, where such a variegated amount of rechristening would result, the confusion would be worse confounded than ever if the change were attempted. In the course of time it may be hoped that order will be evolved

out of chaos. The new ships will be christened in accordance with the new system, and the old ships will gradually fall out of the navy. But we cannot, of course, be entirely certain that the law will be suffered to stand. And it may happen that just as we are beginning to have a navy whose names have a beautiful and logical consistency a new system will be adopted by some future Congress which will thrust order back again into chaos.

IS SMOKING CRIMINAL?—There are sins enough in the world without manufacturing new ones, and the old ones, moreover, are quite sufficient for all the energies of all the servants of the Lord. Therefore the Methodist Conference in Michigan has proved itself rather absurd in its conduct toward the Rev. Mr. Ryerson. That gentleman is a smoker. He had the manliness to acknowledge it, but he had smoked ever since he could remember. He had tried, time and again, to quit. He had always failed. He knew, however, that it was wrong, but he would try to give it up. This was the substance of his confession. Thereupon he was allowed to go with the understanding that he is on probation, and that if, at the end of twelve months, he is still addicted to the weed, he must retire from the Methodist ministry. Surely this is all rot. Smoking is not a sin either in preacher or layman. If a clergyman wants to smoke, it is nobody's business so long as he can afford it, provided it does not injure his health—and he smokes good cigars. The question cannot concern the church or society at large. Catholic priests smoke almost universally. In every country in Continental Europe the Protestant clergy solace themselves with the kindly fumes of their pipe. Even in this country the more advanced and progressive wearers of the cloth are either smokers themselves or tolerate it in their fellow-clergymen. Don't, we beseech you, good brethren of the Methodist persuasion, invent a new crime. Bend all your energies to the suppression of the old. You will find quite enough to do in this field.

NO MORE "WILD WEST" INDIANS.—The Department of the Interior has probably done a wise thing in deciding that no more Indians shall be allowed to leave their reservations for the purpose of joining Buffalo Bill's aggregation. Through the energetic efforts of General O'Beirne and a young Catholic missionary named Father Craft, it has been shown to the satisfaction of Secretary Noble that the travelled Indian learns only the latest refinements of vice in his tours amid the old civilizations, that he is injured morally and physically, and returns to his own people to spread the knowledge of evil among them and to endanger their health. The various Indians who have recently returned to this country and whose many exploits at poker have made them objects of universal interest, have almost all of them proved to be drunkards, thieves, and libertines of the most scandalous description. Yet they were comparatively decent when they left. Of course this order of Secretary Noble's need not put an end to the Wild West Show. It will only oblige the managers to put their ingenuity to the test. They will no longer obtain their Indians from the plains, but from those purlieus and back streets of our great cities which have proved so strongly prolific of Zulu Warriors and Aztec Children and Circassian Beauties.

MURDER IN JEST.—One doesn't like to hear of the shooting of a fellow-being, and yet when that fellow-being assumes the hideous yet all too familiar form of the practical jester, one is inclined to breathe a silent "Served him

right." Therefore it is all the more deplorable when it is the jestee and not the jester who gets shot. That the innocent should suffer for the guilty, that the guilty should escape—here is a wretched concatenation of circumstances. Yet that is exactly what occurred in Dallas, Texas, the other day, when a man named Eubanks conceived the merry idea of sending word to his friend, City Marshal Tom Dolan, that he (Eubanks) had been shot in the foot. Mutual friends who were in the delightful secret prepared, as they thought, against possible mishap by putting blank cartridges in Dolan's pistols before he started to succor his friend. When he arrived on the scene and learned that he had been hoaxed, he did, indeed, wax very angry, hot words were exchanged, pistols were drawn, and, of course, Dolan was killed by his armed and humorous friend. Let us trust that there is some law in Texas, and that Mr. Eubanks may be made to swing.

THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN.—There is ominous news from the Northwest. In Indian Territory it is reported that the Indians are bathing daily. The uninitiated may not recognize any reason for alarm in this, especially if they have seen an Indian and know how badly he needs a bath. But it is precisely because it is such a revolution that this bathing is significant. The gentle Apaches believe that the Great Medicine Man is about to appear on earth, and are performing these orgies in their rude, aboriginal way of welcoming him. Five thousand Indians who were nominally Christians have "renounced their adopted religion and are to-day engaged in fetich-worship and bathing." So says the telegraph. One wishes that the reports did not seem to suggest a wide disassociation of cleanliness and Christian godliness. The Great Medicine Man is coming, it appears, to exterminate the whites and to parcel out the land among the Indian tribes, which looks like something of a job. Why this should lead them to disembarass themselves of the real estate which they have hitherto incontinently squandered on their own persons, does not appear on the surface. Perhaps they are anxious for a just and fair division. But at all events it is quite certain that the situation is a serious one. Another outbreak of Apaches is not a pleasant possibility to look forward to, especially as our garrisons are entirely inadequate to cope with any sudden uprising.

IRISH "RIOTS."—It was a fortunate thing for Ireland that John Morley was present at Tipperary during the disturbance there. He has given his countrymen a truthful account of it. He will probably repeat this account in the House of Commons. Not that truthful accounts could not have been obtained from Irish sources. But Mr. Morley will be believed by his countrymen; the Irishmen, even men of the veracity of Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon, would not. And Mr. Morley has command of an energetic and vivid vocabulary. In his speech at St. Helen's he asserted that "the rioting was all on one side," and that was on the side of the police. "As insignificant and harmless a crowd as he ever saw in his life" was attacked and brutally clubbed by the police "without a shadow of provocation." And this is the disturbance officially reported to have resulted from the gathering of a tumultuous mob, which could only be quieted by police interference! The official report would undoubtedly have been received as a true one by enlightened England, always ready to believe that an Englishman, like his king, can do no wrong; and that when he becomes a bully and a tyrant he is merely enforcing order after forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

Would it be too hasty a generalization if from this particular instance we were to infer that most of the riots and disturbances that have occurred in Ireland have been provoked by the police, and even that a large number of them were no riots at all, but were simply brutal and cowardly attacks on peaceable crowds? There was no John Morley to chronicle them. The official reports were always one-sided. We can only get at some semblance of the truth by inference.

A MUTINOUS COLONY.—There is a place called Goa on the western coast of India, about two hundred and fifty miles south of Bombay, which has belonged to Portugal ever since 1510, save for the eight years, from 1807 until 1815, when it was held by the British. It is not a large tract of land. Including all its dependencies it does not contain more than fourteen hundred square miles, nor number more than half a million inhabitants. Nor is it a very valuable bit of property at present, though centuries ago it was the most important centre of commerce in all India. But it has given Portugal a great deal of trouble to retain it. About twenty years ago there was a very serious revolt of native troops, which was only quelled at much cost of blood and treasure. An election just decided was preceded by a series of riots, during which the opposition denounced the government of the colony, and even clamored for annexation with British India. But the riots were put down by armed force, and the election proved a signal triumph for the government. It may be hoped, therefore, that all fears of international complications have been laid for the present. Indeed, England was in no way responsible for the difficulties, and though she would undoubtedly be glad to annex Goa, she is not likely to take any active steps to bring about that result.

SOCIALISM IN TIPS.—A sort of socialism appears to exist in Paris among the waiters of that gay metropolis. The tips are put into a common pool and divided up among the entire force. The system has all the excellences of communism and all its disadvantages. Favoritism is checked. Every man has the proud satisfaction of knowing that he is working for the common good, and is a benefactor of his brethren whenever he works the unsuspicious traveller for an unusual *pourboire*. A beautiful unselfishness might be expected to be the result—altruism developed to its highest possibilities. But, alas! man is weak and sinful. He cannot live up to the requirements of the most exquisite theory when put to practical test. The lazy and the indifferent grew more lazy and more indifferent when the stimulus for individual action was withdrawn. They let their willing brothers do all the work, and came up fresh and smiling at the division of the spoils. Obviously, this thing could not continue. The good men and true refused to practise all the altruism; they wished to see the higher virtues of civilization implanted in their fellows, or else they wanted a larger share of the boodle. So they protested against the system, and they are now carrying through an organized resistance to it. Again are the ideals of philosophers and poets dashed rudely to earth by the baser and lower elements in human nature, which have not yet been eliminated in the struggle that the best and fittest are making for sole survival. Perhaps if we look forward a little with the clever author of "Looking Backward," we may take heart of grace. We may see a roseate dawn in the future, and dimly descry the shadows cast before by a noble array of future waiters working cheerfully and with alacrity for the common good.

But, perhaps, in those days waiters will recognize that frequenters of restaurants are also men and brothers, and will refuse the proffered tip on a still higher plane of altruism.

THE ANTI-SOCIALIST LAW.—The anti-socialist law in Germany expired by its own limitations at the end of September. It is not at all likely that it will ever be revived. Even in patient Germany, where police interference with personal rights is tolerated as it would not be in any other European country save Russia—even in Germany the anti-socialist law could never have been passed but for the popular excitement that resulted from the attacks made by Hödel and Nobeling in 1878 upon the emperor's life. In both cases Bismarck astutely caused it to be given out semi-officially that the criminal was imbued with socialistic doctrines, and that his crime was the result of socialistic teachings. The people and the Reichstag were aroused. The anti-socialist law was passed. Socialists were forbidden to ventilate their views either orally or in print. Clubs that even harbored any Socialists among their members were put down. A number of Socialists were expelled from Berlin. Police spies were appointed to do the work that in this country is done by the holy agents of societies for the suppression of vice, namely, to tempt men to break the laws for the purpose of securing evidence against them. The law was in operation for twelve years. Sometimes it was enforced with brutal insistence. At others, when the Liberals were waxing too powerful for Bismarck's comfort, it was relaxed in order to give a slap at the Liberals. And what did it accomplish? At the time the law was passed there were only nine Socialists in the Reichstag. With the election of 1881, which Bismarck looked forward to as a vindication of his policy, that number had increased to twelve. In 1883 there was a relaxation of the severity with which the law had been enforced. Did socialism thrive under this temporary respite? By no means. The number of representatives fell to six. And in 1889, after the young kaiser had proclaimed his undying hatred of socialism, and indorsed the policy of Bismarck, the Socialists elected thirty-five members, and polled a million and a half of votes, triple the number that they had cast when the policy of coercion was begun.

HARMLESS TOBACCO.—And now comes the amiable, well-meaning, and benevolent crank, his face wreathed in a kindly smile, to teach us a method of making our tobacco harmless. Dr. Gantrelet of Vichy informs us that a small piece of cotton-wool, steeped in a five or ten per cent. solution of pyrogallic acid and inserted in pipe or cigar-holder, will neutralize any possible ill effects of the tobacco without destroying its flavor. Not the historic youth who rushed to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs, could have a more thankless mission than the good doctor. That youth merely wanted to add to the sum of the dear old lady's pleasure, and was abashed to find that she had long been acquainted with all the delights of the process that he had just discovered. The doctor, on the other hand, is unwittingly laboring to destroy one of our chiefest pleasures. Who would care for tobacco if it were harmless? What boy would revel in the forbidden luxury of the cigarette if it did not rack and injure his nerves? What man would spend money and strength in smoke if he could not look upon the dissipation as a vice? The preliminary sickness which all would-be smokers must undergo before they lose their virginal innocence of tobacco is not a deterrent, but a temptation. It is the hallway to the mystic chambers be-

yond, and the fact that it is guarded by a horrid monster called Nausea makes the young and the enterprising all the more anxious to reach the inner penetralia. Good Dr. Gantrelet must expect no gratitude for his discovery.

AN ENTERPRISING BOARD.—Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, the scene of the disastrous flood, has three enterprising citizens whose enterprise should bring down upon them the scorn and anger of the world. These gentlemen compose the Board of Inquiry appointed to tabulate the statements of losses by the various sufferers. They purpose to publish the result of their labors and a list of the awards and payments made by the Relief Commission in a neat little pamphlet, which will be exposed for sale at reasonable rates. And they hope to clear as much as twenty-five hundred dollars from the sale. Naturally, the Relief Commission is opposed to this project. They wish to keep from the public the details of the charity they have administered. They hold that the publication of the names of the beneficiaries and of the amounts they received would be a needless cruelty. Of course, the Board of Inquiry has an answer ready. They claim that the publication is made as a defence against criticism of the manner in which charity was administered. They say nothing about the twenty-five hundred dollars they expect to realize. But inasmuch as it is the Relief Commission, and not the Board of Inquiry, that would suffer most from adverse criticism of the awards made, it does look as if the reason given by the Board is not as potent as the reason implied by their enemies.

CRIMINAL MANIA.—What is to be done with such people as William Pfunder, the New York boy of nineteen who confesses that he set fire to one tenement-house in Sixth Avenue, and who is suspected of complicity with numerous other incendiary attempts? He is obviously a monomaniac, no more and no less responsible in the eyes of an enlightened moralist than many inmates of an asylum. At an early age his boyish imagination was impressed by seeing a great conflagration, and ever since he has found his chief delight in running after fires, tramping over miles and miles to do so. Of course, the transition from this morbid love of fires to the actual devising of a fire was an easy one. Pfunder developed into a fire-maniac, an incendiary who had no apparent motive for committing arson, and, consequently, an incendiary of the most dangerous order, because difficult, indeed, almost impossible, of detection. Interested motives are almost always the first clew to the discovery of an incendiary; he is rarely caught red-handed in the act. And now what is to be done with our Pfunders? You can't hang them, and so relieve society of the danger of their presence. One almost wishes that this were possible. To put them in prison for a few years is merely to guard the community for just that period of time and then thrust the firebrand back into their midst. But if the offender is a maniac, why cannot he be adjudged insane and placed in an asylum until cured? There should be laws made to treat in this way all criminals who are on the borderland between sanity and insanity, who evince an uncontrollable impulse to wrong-doing. Our entire system of jurisprudence is wrong on this point. A jury lets a man off from the consequences of his acts on the ground that he is insane, and usually the insane man, instead of being shut up in an asylum, is turned loose upon the community. Now, the object of all legal punishment is not vindictive, but prohibitive. It is meant to prevent crime, and to remove a dangerous member from society at large to which he is a continual menace.



THE COUNTESS KESSLER OF PARIS. (*See page 183.*)

FROM THE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ALEXANDER CABANEL, AND UPON WHICH HE WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES WHEN HE DIED IN JANUARY, 1889.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

By JOSEPH P. READ.

"FOLLOW my leader" is a favorite game with children. It is also a favorite game with those children of a larger growth whom we call men.

If it becomes the fashion to do a certain thing, everybody, save the angels, rushes in at once to do it.

This year, for example, it is the right thing for people who are not angels to abuse the Yellowstone Park and its officials. Why?

Merely because a few individuals, whose bump of self-esteem should be fondled with a rolling-pin, happened to imagine that they were not treated with the respect due to their exalted station in life, and so rushed into print and abused everybody, from the army officers in charge to the drivers and guides. Even the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carried them there, came in for its share of vituperation.

The first letter of this kind that I noticed was signed by an eminent medical gentleman from Philadelphia. At a certain hotel sixty miles from the railroad he failed, one morning, to get eggs for breakfast, and when he had finished his tour he did not find a train waiting to whirl him homewards, but was compelled to stay overnight at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

These two items are the sum and substance of his complaint.

But they afforded him material for two eloquent philippics in a prominent paper, in which he called upon Congress to look into the matter at once and see that the matutinal egg appeared at all the hotel tables.

Next came an equally distinguished D.D. from New York. His ears had been offended by sundry theological expressions which a driver made use of while giving his horses positive instructions under very exasperating circumstances. His eyes had been blinded by dust. He saw no reason why Congress could not arrange to have all the roads sprinkled constantly.

But it remained for a legal gentleman of Chicago to cap the climax. He allowed a two-column interview to appear in a local paper, in which he gave vituperative vent to a number of misstatements.

Lucky for his reputation that it was only an interview! It is the fashion to deny an interview when it is found to lead to uncomfortable results.

For example, he asserted, in English that might be thought a little blurred and indistinct, that "over five thousand people had visited the park up to the first of August, and an equal number had contracted for the remainder of the season."

Now, from a careful examination of the books of the Transportation Company I found that not quite three thousand people had made the tour up to September, and that in all probability the number for the entire season would fall short of four thousand.

But why waste ammunition on such small game? Some people are born complainers, and they conscientiously live up to their birthright. Were it not that they deter others, were it not that they set the fashion for staccato imitators, it would not be worth while to make any mention of them.

Let me state the simple fact. The Yellowstone Park Asso-



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK : THE OBSIDIAN CLIFFS.

Imagine a mountain of bottle-glass, black in some aspects, a deep green in others, and a vast sheen of dazzling light where the sun's rays are directly reflected. It blinded our eyes to look upon it.

ciation are doing all they can to make the trip a pleasant one.

This year they have built new and elegant hotels at the Grand Cañon and at Yellowstone Lake. Still another is in process of erection at Lower or Fire-Hole Basin. All these are heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Their plumbing is of the latest and best. The wilderness is made to blossom with modern conveniences.

I have made three visits to the Park, but I have never had cause to complain of any one or anything connected with it.

The fare is good, as good as is possible at an altitude where meats get rapidly dry, and where vegetables, save those which can bear transportation over a thousand miles, are obtainable only in cans. Drivers are no more profane in the Yellowstone region than they are in New York or

of four dollars a day. Not much in itself, this sum seems all the more economical when you reflect that oats are three cents a pound, and hay is twenty-five dollars a ton delivered. You will see that there is no exorbitant profit here. Nor do the hotels attempt to fleece you. Indeed, if the Northern Pacific Railroad did not help them out in every possible way they could not do as they do.

The trip I have just made has been in every way a delightful one.

Leaving New York City on the Chicago Limited of the Pennsylvania Railroad, I had reached the Windy City before I had begun to realize that I was travelling.

This train is, in fact, a hotel on wheels. Bath-room, barber-shop, dining-room, library, sleeping-apartments, all are combined with the delights of an observation car that adds the final touch of glory to the perambulating palace.



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK : MINERVA TERRACE.

At the western end of the plateau there rises a mass of snowy whiteness, showing all the whiter against the background of sombre pines that encircle it.

Philadelphia. I have seen them almost exhausted by the stream of foolish questions that are poured into their ears for hours at a time. But I have yet to hear the first offensive word.

If you cannot enjoy the trip without eggs for breakfast, or because of a little dust, for which the winds of heaven and not the United States Government are responsible, then by all means don't go. But if you can put up with a few small deprivations, if you can accommodate yourself to circumstances, you will recognize that everything possible has been done to minister to your wants, and if you have the least love for Nature in her most superb and surprising moods you will not miss an occasional luxury that is unattainable here.

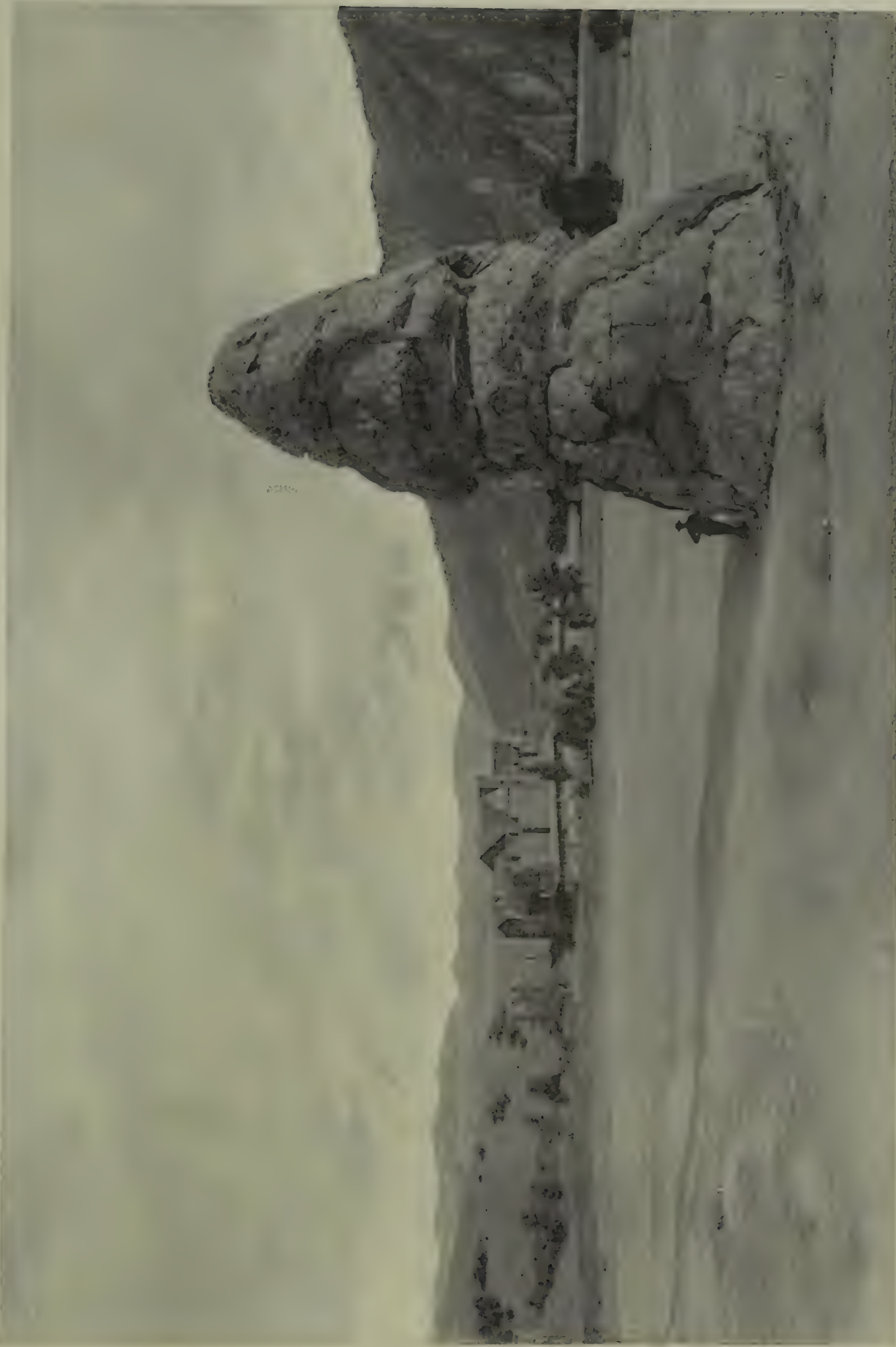
I have seen old ladies and older gentlemen make the trip with as much comfort and pleasure as the youngsters.

Nor are the rates unreasonable. Four-horse carriages transport the visitor over fifty miles of territory for the sum

In the service nothing is forgotten. Waiters, porters, and ladies'-maids, in neat uniforms, are in attendance. Nay, even that latest and greatest of improvements, a typewriter and stenographer, will attend to your correspondence free of charge. And at each station you receive the latest news from the stock-market and the world in general.

I reached Chicago in the morning. This gave me time to refresh my impressions of this marvellous city before catching the evening train for St. Paul. Here, too, I had leisure to look around and take notes. It was not till several hours after my arrival that the Northern Pacific train started for the Park.

That trip may be a little monotonous to the travel-worn sightseer, yet it has features of peculiar and individual interest. The Bad Lands of Dakota, the immense wheat-farms and cattle-ranches, and the wonderful valley of the Yellowstone River in Montana, are ever fresh and interesting, no matter how often you may have seen them.



1111 YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL, AND LIBERTY CAP ROCK.

A REMARKABLE CONE, FIFTY FEET HIGH, CALLED THE LIBERTY CAP FROM ITS SUGGESTIVE SHAPE, IS EVIDENTLY THE REMAINS OF AN EXTINCT VEYSIR.

We reached Livingstone the second morning, after breakfast—an excellent breakfast, as usual. There we changed cars for Cinnabar, the gateway to the Yellowstone National Park, and arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel in time for lunch.

The hotel stands on a plateau elevated some six thousand three hundred feet above the sea. Here you catch the first glimpse of wonderland in the Minerva Terrace that faces it.

Let me try and give a brief description of what the terrace looks like.

At the western end of the plateau there rises a mass of snowy whiteness, showing all the whiter against the background of sombre pines that encircle it.

A mass of ice, you say to yourself.

The impression deepens as you get closer. Then you find that the mass resolves itself into a series of terraces

Over portions of the surface of this terrace are scattered extinct chimneys or craters, and there are several large holes leading to cavernous depths below. A remarkable cone, fifty feet high, called the Liberty Cap from its suggestive shape, is evidently the remains of an extinct geyser.

We spent many hours in wandering over this curious accumulation before we could decide which spring we liked the best. We tried them in different order, yet we each agreed that the last one sampled was the worst.

At eight o'clock next morning our trip through the Park proper commenced.

I have seen most of the famous places in the world, from the Bay of Fundy to the valley of the Amazon and the Orange Mountains of Brazil.

But I have never seen anything like the Yellowstone Park. Within a compass of one hundred square miles there are



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: THE GOLDEN GATE.

The path is narrow, rocky, and uneven, usually following the bed of some mountain stream, and at intervals, as at the Golden Gate itself, cut out of the solid rock.

upheld by sculptured columns of crystal, from which icicles of prismatic hues depend. They look like frozen waterfalls.

But whence the columns of steam that rise out of the mass? They suggest heat, not cold.

And the suggestion is right.

This great white mass of apparent congelation is, in fact, a solid rock, over which the waters of the warm springs, which issue from innumerable openings, fall from basin to basin until they reach the Gardiner River below. The rock itself is the result of countless ages of deposits of white sinter born in the bosom of the earth, and carried along with the waters in their uprising.

The top of the mound and generally those parts of the deposit which the water has retreated from and left exposed to the air, are apt to crack into thin shells or crumble into white powder. But the rims of the basins that hold the water are hard and solid, and exquisitely fretted with remarkably vivid colors staining the prevailing whiteness.

gathered here the loveliest valleys, the grandest cañons, the most marvellous mountains, lakes, rivers, springs, and cascades that the eye can dwell on. In addition, there are all sorts of natural phenomena: sulphur mountains, an obsidian mountain, a mud volcano, petrified forests, and over ten thousand active geysers, hot springs, fumaroles, solfataras, salses, and boiling pools. The grandest and the most grotesque natural scenery are all flung here together in astonishing profusion.

I freely confess that, though I had read and believed the tales that travellers tell of this wondrous spot, when I found myself there I realized for the first time that I had bargained to credit no such story as that. The place is incredible; that is the only word for it. If any master of English could truly paint it in words he would be laughed at.

It was not a new scene on the old familiar globe that was unveiled to us, but a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I hesitate



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK : THE UPPER FALL.

THE UPPER FALL IS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FEET IN HEIGHT.

at the attempt to give my vision utterance. Never were words so begged for an abridged translation of any Scripture of Nature.

Luckily we had our artist with us. The camera cannot lie. The camera only can seize and bind upon paper the marvels that bewildered and dazzled us.

I shall merely attempt a few words of explanation to accompany the revelations made by the camera. You might call them a few exegetical notes on the margin.

It took us ten days to complete our explorations. Let me advise you not to attempt to do it in less. If you have a party of three, five, or seven, you can do this as we did, in a conveyance specially chartered for the occasion. If not, you can take the "daily" four-horse coach that runs through from the Hot Springs to the Upper Geyser Basin in ten hours, changing horses three times. You can stop over for a day or two at any place you desire, and then go on as soon as you feel like it.

Another "daily" runs from the Grand Cañon to Norris Geyser Basin Hotel, connecting at the latter spot with the one from the Springs.

All this requires no extra charge save for board, and even for that a special arrangement can be made for all time over that covered by your regular ticket.

From the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel we climbed rapidly up to and through the Golden Gate into the valley.

of bottle-glass, black in some aspects, a deep green in others, and a vast sheen of dazzling light where the sun's rays are directly reflected. It blinded our eyes to look upon it.

This region is composed of two basins or valleys, known as the Upper and the Lower Basins, separate from each other about two miles. The entire geyser region is not more than thirty square miles in area, yet within this limited space is the most stupendous exhibition of hot springs, geysers—some spouting water and others mud—and steaming caldrons of boiling water.

The dozen principal geysers are called respectively the Giant, the Giantess, the Excelsior, the Castle, the Grand, the Beehive, the Comet, the Fan, the Grotto, the Thanatopsis, the Evangeline, and Old Faithful. Besides these there are an infinitesimal number of smaller ones.

No two of them are like. The Grotto simply churns and makes a great noise. The others go off at various intervals—some every hour, some all the time, and some once a month; some on alternate days, yet the day they are active going over ninety minutes. Nor is their style of action the same. Some play with labored pumping, others throw a continuous stream; some wear themselves out in a continuous effort, others subside only to recommence again repeatedly. An eruption may extend from two to twenty minutes, the approximate time occupied by the Grand; or even to one



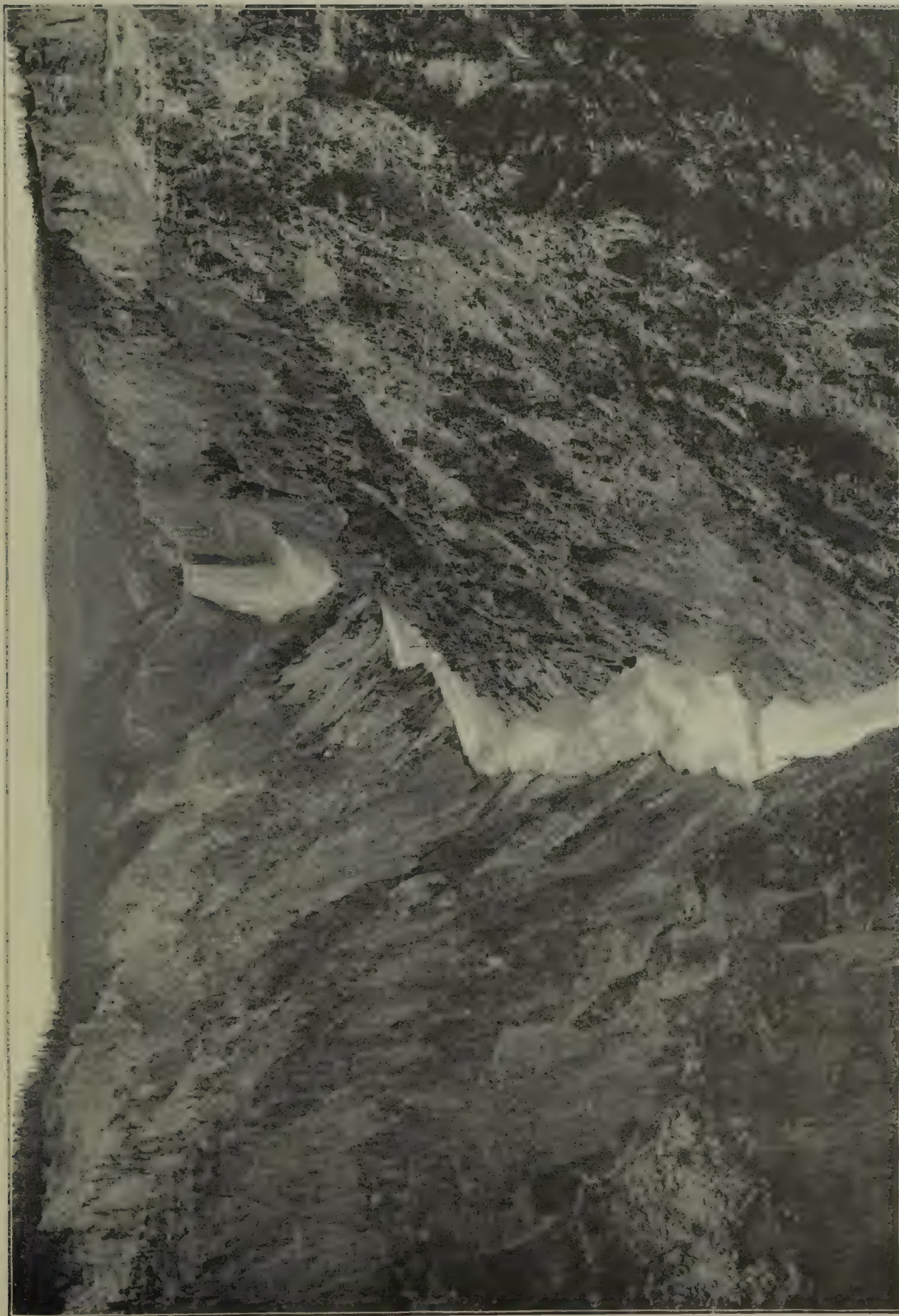
THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: TOURISTS IN THE GRAND CAÑON.

The path is narrow, rocky, and uneven, usually following the bed of some mountain stream, and at intervals, as at the Golden Gate itself, cut out of the solid rock. Through wild forests of pine and fir, here and there seared and blackened, alas! by recent fires; through magnificent gorges and over the tops of steep hills we sped merrily along until we reached the region of the geysers.

On the way thither we passed the Obsidian Cliffs. Obsidian is a volcanic product, a species of lava which looks something like green bottle-glass. Imagine a mountain

hour and twenty minutes, a period that the Giant has been timed to play.

The geysers all have a tendency to build up a huge, dome-shaped cylinder of sinter round their vent. Some of these are almost perfect in contour, but most of them are broken down, as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of more than usual severity. As a rule, there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter mound, but in some cases several may be seen with the bases almost touching each other. Their surfaces are white and crum-



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: THE GRAND CAÑON.

A RAVINE VARYING IN DEPTH FROM ONE THOUSAND TO TWO THOUSAND FEET. . . . THE SHELVING SIDES OF PRECIPITOUS CRAGS SLOPE DOWN, PRESENTING AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF FORM AND OF COLOR UNTIL THEY MEET, AFFORDING JUST ENOUGH ROOM AT THE BASE FOR THE RIVER TO FLOW BENEATH.

bling. One might imagine them pillars of salt, so many Lot's wives turning back to gaze at phenomena more varied and wonderful and awe-inspiring than anything ever enacted on the plains of Sodom. The colors that tinge the edges of some craters and stain the courses of the out-flowing streams, are beautiful exceedingly. The snowy whiteness of the grounding is relieved by all soft and dainty hues, a kaleidoscopic wilderness of colors in fact, all glistening wet beneath the crystal clearness of the water, which toward the centre of the crater deepens to a heavenly blue.

Never was a name more apt than that of "Old Faithful." None of the other geysers can be counted upon with absolute certainty. But every sixty-five minutes Old Faithful tosses its boiling water one hundred and twenty feet into the air, and then descends in millions of prismatic drops.

But neither in the volume of its discharge, nor in the

at intervals of little more than a minute, the successive pulsations steadily diminishing in grandeur until, in about twenty minutes, the water subsides, the trembling of the earth ceases, the steam no longer escapes, and all is quiet.

But what words can give an idea of the majestic fury of the scene; of the maddened rush of scalding water bursting with a hiss and a roar from its mysterious captivity; the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column and burst into a shower of drops; the clouds upon clouds of lace-like falling spray; the wondrous effects of the sun on the silver sheaf of waterspears that, with lightning rapidity, flashed forth and vanished, broke and reformed; the rainbow that shone through the drifting masses of gauzy mist—the wonder and the glory of it all?

Even the camera can give but the faintest suggestion of



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: GOVERNMENT STEAMER "ZILLAH" IN THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

height to which that discharge attains, is it as imposing as the Giant, the Grand, and the Beehive.

The Grand is the largest geyser in the world. Yet in a state of quiescence it might attract the least attention. The perceptible elevation of the crater is only a few inches, but it is the largest in diametric measurement (twenty by twenty-five feet).

When an eruption is about to occur the basin gradually fills with boiling water to within a few feet of the surface. A tremendous rumbling is heard, shaking the ground in every direction. A cloud of steam rises slowly heavenward. Suddenly, with a single prefatory spurt, the Grand shoots a vast column of water over two hundred feet into the air with such steady and uniform force that the column seems to be held there for some minutes, falling in a deluge of prismatic drops. Then the pressure suddenly ceases, and the waters shrink back out of sight in the cavernous hollow of the crater. Meanwhile the vent and caldron are furiously laboring, and subterranean thunder continues to shake the ground. Again and again the geyser bursts forth

this. Our artist caught an excellent negative, but its very excellence demonstrates the poverty of photographic resources in the face of the stupendous truth.

The geysers are not the only wonders of the great basins. As fantastic and extraordinary in their way are the hundreds of mineral springs scattered over the length and breadth of the great basins, but chiefly in the one known as the Lower Basin. Marvellous are the contradictions which they present. Boiling springs and cold ones lie within five feet of each other, some blue, some green, some brown, yellow, or orange. Chemical deposits arranged in some artistic freak of nature encircle the pools and reflect in the crystal water their varied hues of écreu and ivory and pink and yellow and vermillion. There are lakes of cold water with boiling springs coming up through little cone-shaped vent-holes. Then there are the mud volcanoes or mud geysers—better known as paint pots—huge vats of boiling and various-colored mud, sometimes rising in brush-like expansions which gradually swell up until they burst; sometimes danc- ing in spurts a foot or two into the air and then sinking

down and disappearing; sometimes, where the mud is more viscous, shaping itself into permanent cones, ever enlarging by expansion from within and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides—miniature volcanoes, in short, each with its circular crater atop.

The entire soil of the basin seems but a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. Its subterranean rumblings, its hollow echoes of our horses' hoofs, its hissing craters, its steaming and spouting geysers, its bubbling springs, that sometimes lie within a few feet of the track, its chaos of colors, its all-pervasive sulphurous odors, seem to give one a hint of some inferno more wonderful than anything that Dante ever conceived.

Having taken your last look here, you are now ready for an expedition to the Yellowstone River. The drive is a long and glorious one, in many respects a repetition of the

let down, and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky; upholstering of the Lord God Almighty; best work of the Architect of worlds; sculpturing by the Infinite; masonry by an Omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

"Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian basilicas, built before human architecture was born; huge fortifications of granite, constructed before war forged its first cannon; Gibaltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken; Alhambras, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was empearled; thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: THE RIVER BELOW THE LAKE.

drive to the geyser basins. But the path is still more steep and mountainous. At last you pass over the St. Mary's Mount, which is a spur from Mount Washburn. The latter is the highest point in the Park, and reaches an altitude of ten thousand five hundred feet. Mount Mary's eight thousand five hundred feet seems humble in comparison. The lesser marvels, that would be marvellous indeed if nearer home, sink into something like insignificance here where your mind is attuned to the stupendous.

The hoarse thunder of the falls already begins to be audible, and grows louder and more distinct as you proceed. You emerge from the last fringe of the woods and stand on the brink of the chasm face to face with the Grand Cañon.

You will never forget that sight to your dying day. In a burst of enthusiasm the Rev. DeWitt Talmage has called the Grand Cañon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur.

"It is here that, it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up, and

ever sat; fount of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisels, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation—the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last testament written on the rocks."

Fine words! Yet none too fine for the occasion.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine varying in depth from one thousand to two thousand feet. The entire basin of the river is volcanic. The shelving sides of precipitous crags slope down, presenting an endless variety of form and of color until they meet, affording just enough room at the base for the river to flow between.

Scientists assure us that the history of this tremendous chasm is an easy one to read. Ages ago the whole region was the basin of a great lake. Later it became the centre of volcanic action. Vast quantities of lava thrown up by the eruptions cooled off into basalt rocks; ashes and rock fragments formed breccia as it sunk through the water and mingled with the deposits from silicious springs. In time the country was slowly elevated and the waters of the lake as slowly ate their way out of the volcanic deposits, excavating deeper and deeper the easily eroded breccia along the river channel, while springs and creeks and the action of the weather combined to wear away the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and massive columns and Gothic pinnacles and semi-circular sloping recesses.

Twice in the course of the river the erosion was arrested by a sudden transition from the soft breccia to hard basalt, and the rapids and falls are the result. At this day the vertical wall of basalt can be clearly seen passing diagonally across the rim. The Lower Fall was formed in the same way.

The Upper Fall is one hundred and forty feet in height; the Lower, half a mile further down, is three hundred and fifty feet high. Each has its distinctive beauties, but the Lower Fall is the more impressive. "Had it been greater or smaller it would have been less impressive," says Mr. Langford, who accompanied the original exploring expedition led by General Washburn, the Surveyor-General of the Territory. The volume of water seems to be adapted to all the harmonies of the surrounding scenery. Converging rocks compress the river from a breadth of two hundred feet just above the falls to one hundred and fifty feet at the spot where it makes the leap in a sheer, compact, solid and perpendicular sheet over a shelf as level and even as a work of art.

From the shelving summits of the cañon, a thousand feet

above, you can look down into the boiling, spray-filled chasm, glittering like a shower of diamonds and arched by rainbows.

To the southward is the Yellowstone Lake, into which the river disgorges.

Lying at an elevation of seven thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, Yellowstone Lake has no tributaries of any importance. It receives its waters from the snows that cover the mountain ranges hemming it on all sides. The shores are paved with volcanic rocks and pebbles, and all sorts of curious clay concretions strew the beach, which the exploring trappers used to imagine were implements and idols left behind by some extinct race.

We took a trip across the lake in the new government steamer *Zillah*. This steamer was carried in sections on the backs of horses all the way through the mountainous regions to the margin of the lake. There it was put together. It is not yet quite ready for the conveyance of passengers, but we succeeded in getting a special permit on condition that we would not hold Uncle Sam responsible for any personal damage that might accrue to us.

The pledge was cheerfully given.

At last our ten days came to an end, and we turned our faces homeward, our memories richly stored with scenes and pictures that we can never forget.

Often I wonder how it is that so many people rush over to Europe who have not yet made acquaintance with the glories of the Yellowstone region. There is nothing in Europe, there is nothing in all the rest of the world, to equal them as scenery. It takes a comparatively short time to reach them; even from the most remote portions of our country the trip is not so long as the trip across the sea. And surely it is pleasanter.

And, equally important, the entire journey can be accomplished at one-tenth the expense of an ordinary European tour.



THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: RIVERSIDE GEYSER.

ROMANCES OF THE DAY.

NO. I. THE STORY OF A SCAMP.*

BEING A VERACIOUS CHRONICLE OF THE ADVENTURES OF MR. REGINALD BIRCHALL, ASSASSIN.

I. THE PRODIGAL SON.



IS no use talking, parson, that boy will live to be hanged."

It was Farmer Heywood who made the prophecy, more than twenty years ago. He was sitting in the study at the vicarage, and the Rev. Joseph Birchall, the vicar, shaded his eyes with his hand to hide the tears that were filling them.

The farmer had come for the last time to lay his complaints against Reginald Birchall, the vicar's son. Sometimes his grievances were trivial; occasionally he brought accusations of cruelty to

animals; he now made a definite charge of theft. He had left on his mantel-piece a new sovereign, and coming home in the evening found that the coin had disappeared, and learned from the neighbors that nobody had been near the place save Master Reginald Birchall, who had gone there to repair the tail of his kite, and had left the farm long before that delicate operation could have been accomplished.

The vicar looked up with a troubled face.

"Heywood," said he, "I can only throw myself on your sympathy. You know that his mother idolizes the boy."

Farmer Heywood and all the agriculturists of that English village of Church in Lancashire knew the sorrow of the clergyman's life. A weak, amiable, scholarly widower, he had brought up a family of seven on a slender income, and in his old age had succumbed to the fascinations of a woman hardly older than his youngest daughter. Most of his sons were in holy orders; most of his girls had married clergymen; and they all united in disapproval of their father's marriage, refusing even to visit him. The old man was lonely with a wife whose tastes were so little in accord with his; and it was an extraordinary relief to him when two children, a boy and a girl, were born to him, and he had hopes of reviving in a new family the pleasures which he had lost with the old.

The girl grew up docile and loving, the boy wayward and termagant. The old man clung to the daughter; the mother set her heart upon the son.

All the villagers knew him for a graceless young scamp. He lied intuitively. He was cowardly and cruel. His instincts were low.

"Well, Heywood," said the clergyman, rising, with a sigh, and pushing a sovereign across the table, "I am satisfied of this—that Reginald must be sent to school."

"Ay, parson," replied the farmer, pocketing the money, "and be sure you choose your school well; for if you don't, so sure as the sky's above us, that boy will live to be hanged."

Mr. Birchall's means did not allow him even to suggest to his wife that Reginald should go to one of those great public schools which arrogantly boast that no Englishman can be a gentleman unless the stamp of their education is upon him. He had himself been educated at an excellent school of the second order; and this school, situated in a large country town, was finally selected as Reginald's destination.

He there maintained the reputation which he won at home. Naturally quick, he picked up classics and mathematics with equal ease; and was as much at home in Thucydides as in "Dynamics of a Particle." What he didn't know he had the gift of pretending to know; and even in the lower classes received credit for a brilliancy which somewhat wore off as his character matured.

But he was incorrigibly bad. "Birchall," said his schoolmates, "is the greatest liar in the place."

He displayed a curious taste for theatricals. Whenever a dramatic company was in the town, Birchall would risk a flogging by going to see it. Whenever he had a chance to visit relatives in London, he quickly found his way to the Gaiety Theatre or the Strand; and, even in those boyish days, haunted the stage door with an assiduity that would have become a juvenile clubman. He would then return to

school with the portrait of some siren of the ballet and would regale his companions with mythical stories of his conquests. And this at an age when most boys are still intent on "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights."

To indulge in these pastimes he needed cash. His father had little to send him; his mother saved her pin-money to keep him in funds; and his half-brothers and sisters, none of them rich, sent him what "tips" they could afford. But the demand was greater than the supply. The elder boys at the school began to miss little articles of value. Costly books, stamped with the seal of the school, began to disappear. A detective, called in by the headmaster, traced them to a knavish bookseller in the town; and the latter, threatened with arrest, said that Reginald Birchall had sold them to him.

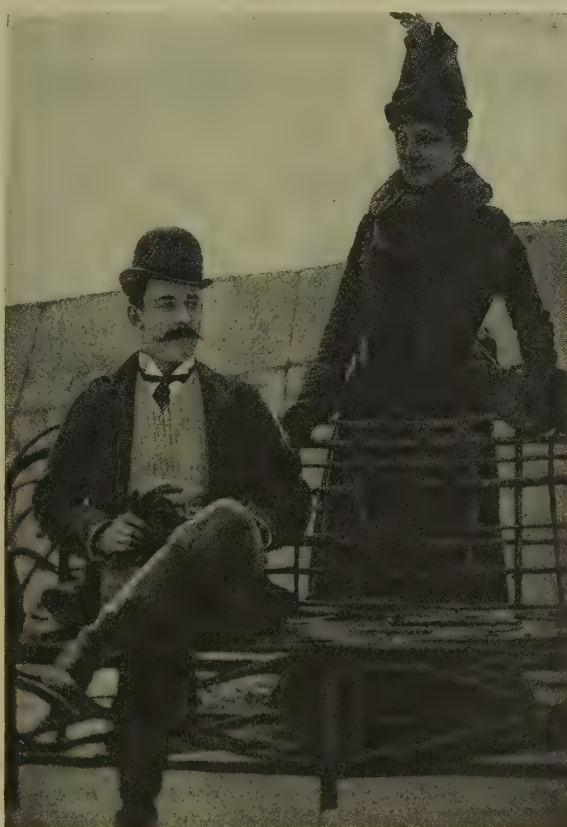
The head-master resolved on decisive measures. He ordered Birchall to be publicly flogged before the school, and then to be expelled.

None but an English school-boy can appreciate the disgrace involved in this sentence.

The boys were summoned into the large dining-hall. A roll was called that none might be absent. The head-master stood at the warden's table, recited the offence, recited the punishment.

Birchall was then stripped to the waist and was whipped with a birch before his schoolmates, filling the great hall with his cries.

When a coat had been thrown over his shoulders the de-



J. REGINALD BIRCHALL AND HIS WIFE, TAKEN WHEN THEY WERE KNOWN AS LORD AND LADY SOMERSET.

* J. Reginald Birchall murdered F. C. Benwell on February 17, 1890. The trial commenced September 22d. He was found guilty September 29th, and sentenced to be hanged on November 14th.

cree of expulsion was pronounced. He was led from that hall a desperate boy. If it had been possible to reclaim him, this treatment, still popular in English schools, hardened him beyond redemption. The tragedy of his life may fairly be laid to its account.

The news of it saddened his mother's life. His father closed the doors of the vicarage against him. Farmer Heywood felt that his predictions were coming true.

"What did I say?" he growled to his wife. "That boy is on the road to the gallows."

An outcast from home, the boy's mind turned to the stage. In some subordinate capacity he obtained employment in a country theatre. He sold tickets, hung around the box-office, looked after the display of "posters," and developed a small taste for drawing, which was found useful in the flaming placards of "Sindbad the Sailor," or "Prince Camaralzaman," or whatever extravaganza the theatre might be producing at the time. This seems to have been the most creditable part of his career.

But, meanwhile, his mother had been making peace for him at home. His father was too weak to offer a long resistance. And when, one night, the wanderer knocked at the rectory door, and was brought in ragged and repentant, he met with the fate of the prodigal of old, and his mother took him in her arms and wept, and his father looked through dimmed spectacles for the text which said: "For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

With great pecuniary sacrifice they sent him to Oxford University. If he made resolutions of reform during his homeless period, they vanished now. With the memory of that terrible school chastisement haunting him, he became reckless and defiant of authority. He joined the fastest set that would receive him; he dressed with outrageous extravagance; he spent money as though he were a peer's son, and he revealed still another side of his character.

At school they called him a "liar;" at college they called him a "cad."

To the English mind all accusations are summed up in the epithet "cad." Birchall, despite his parentage, was plainly not a "gentleman." He knew nothing of "good form." He copied men of breeding in their vices, but was wholly unsuccessful in catching their manners.

To obtain recognition from the younger members of his college, his conduct became more and more deplorable. His supper-parties were orgies. His feminine companions were the riff-raff of Oxford. His male companions were the lowest kind of "sports." In just two months the authorities had had enough of him. He was ignominiously expelled from the university.

Usually a man who is "sent down" has the sympathy of the undergraduates. Birchall had none from them.

"He was a 'cad,'" they said.

That was his collegiate epitaph.

His parents received this second blow with grief unspeakable. His father, now very old, took to his bed, and, not long after, died. His mother sorrowed as only mothers can.

But Reginald, nothing daunted, sought employment at Myall's, a fashionable photographer in London. At Oxford he considered "trade" unutterably "low." But now he was bent on showing that he could excel in anything he undertook. He seems to have been fairly popular with the ladies, and while plying the camera he met the young woman who subsequently became his wife.

She was the daughter of a Mr. Stevenson, one of the freight-managers of the London & Northwestern Railroad. Her tastes were as theatrical as Birchall's. Her ambition was to play romantic heroines; or, if that was impossible, to pose in photographers' windows as Juliet or Pauline. In Reginald she saw the man who could help her. She believed in him absolutely. In whatever light he might appear to others, to her he was perfect.

To get Mr. Stevenson's consent Birchall dwelt with emphasis on his Oxford career. He had been "sent down," it is true; but his offence, he explained, was a mere peccadillo, such as might be expected from a man of his aristocratic extraction. He could be reinstated immediately if he desired.

"Very well," said the freight-manager, who wanted a university man for his son-in-law, "then get yourself reinstated."

Birchall departed for London, frequented his old theatrical haunts for three days, then came back to Mr. Stevenson's and announced his reinstatement at Oxford.

The railroad man would have believed him if stories of Birchall's career had not begun to arrive at Upper Norwood, where the Stevensons lived. The match was broken off peremptorily.

But Birchall was equal to the emergency.

"Florence," said he to his betrothed, "you have to choose between your father and me. If you will come with me to America, under an assumed name, we can wait till the paternal anger subsides."

"But how shall we live?" she asked, trusting him always.

"I am heir to a large estate in Lancashire," he replied. "When my mother dies it will come to me. By selling my interest I can support you unaided for years."

She put her hand in his and they were married.

And as they stood on the dock at Liverpool, waiting to sail for America, a telegram was put in his hand. He read the first words in haste. They began: "Your mother is dead."

"There," said he, without a trace of emotion; "now we shall have plenty to live on."

His wife stood aghast at his indifference.

"Poor lady!" she sighed. "So sudden, too. Reginald, does the telegram say what she died of?"

"I will see," he lightly replied; and turning to the telegram, read:

"Your mother is dead. She died of a broken heart."

II. HIS LORDSHIP.

ON the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, as you go from Niagara Falls to Detroit, is the Canadian township of Woodstock. Half a century ago it was the centre of a social life resembling no other in America. Swarms of families of gentle birth came over from England to settle there. Fine carriages with liveried coachmen drove along its roads. Admiral Vansittart built a house which Mrs. Jameson said reminded her of an African village, "a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods." It was composed of a number of log-huts, built one after the other, full of seamen's contrivances, odd galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins, and cupboards; chimneys in which twenty oak logs were piled at once; drawing-rooms laden with views of Rome and Naples, *tazzi* and marbles, sculpture in lava and alabaster. The postmaster of Toronto makes it his country-seat to-day.

But of all these English gentry hardly a survivor remains. Most of them lost their wealth, and their families have long since been scattered. While their money lasted they spent it freely, and in days when money was extremely scarce they did much good to the district. All that is left of them now is their memory and their influence. Vansittarts, Drews, Fauquiers, Grahams, Cottles, Farmers, Lights, Crawfords—they are all gone. Their names dwell only in local history.

Woodstock to-day is a quiet country town. Its citizens do everything in a leisurely way. Its newspaper, the *Sentinel-Review*—and an excellent newspaper it is—contains the usual flaming announcements of "bankrupt sales" and "unparalleled offers of dry-goods," but the people seem in no hurry to avail themselves of these opportunities. When the housewife gets ready, she goes out to shop. Before she gets ready no flamboyant advertisement can hasten her.

From this universal state of quietude Woodstock was roused in the month of December, 1888, by the announcement that a real, live English lord was in town. The gossips at the O'Neill House had hardly time to digest the morsel when the blowing of a horn awoke the tranquil streets, and, handling the ribbons of a four-in-hand, his lordship appeared. He was the first English lord that most of the Woodstockians had seen. The young ladies declared him as handsome as Apollo and particularly admired his jet-black mustache. His horses were tied up with gay little ribbons; he had a blond lady of distinguished appearance beside him; and his knee-breeches, flowered waistcoat, and velvet coat, with a hat perched jauntily on the side of his head, completed the most remarkable spectacle that had been seen in Woodstock since the old English families had passed with their liveried coachmen into nothingness.

As for pretty Alice Smith, the belle of the town, she lost her heart on the spot.

Drawing up at the O'Neill House, his lordship threw the reins to a groom; helped her ladyship to alight; took her to the parlor of the hotel; and then, returning to the bar, invited all good citizens and true to drink. The invitation was so democratically tendered that the frequenters of the hostelry stood dumb with amazement. One of them, however, who went about in a Scotch cap and plaid, and was currently reported to be descended from the Laird of Cockaleckie, saw that it devolved on him to place the matter on a proper footing. He advanced and said:

"Pardon me, Lord—ahem—Lord—ahem. . . ."

"Somerset," said the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

"Just so, Lord Somerset," replied the gentleman in the Highland plaid.

"I said plain Somerset," observed the gentleman in the knee-breeches.

"Ah, precisely," rejoined the gentleman in the Highland plaid, winking at his followers. "Incognito; we understand; just so. Well, Lord—that is to say, plain Somerset, we shall be delighted to accept your hospitality."

And that is how Woodstock came to know that it had a lord in its midst, and that his name was Somerset. The gentleman in the plaid was warmly congratulated for his skill in ascertaining who the stranger was.

Far from showing aristocratic pride, Lord Somerset hired two small rooms for his wife and himself—"rooms," say the inhabitants to-day, "that a well-to-do mechanic would have

"Br-r-r," shivered pretty Alice Smith.

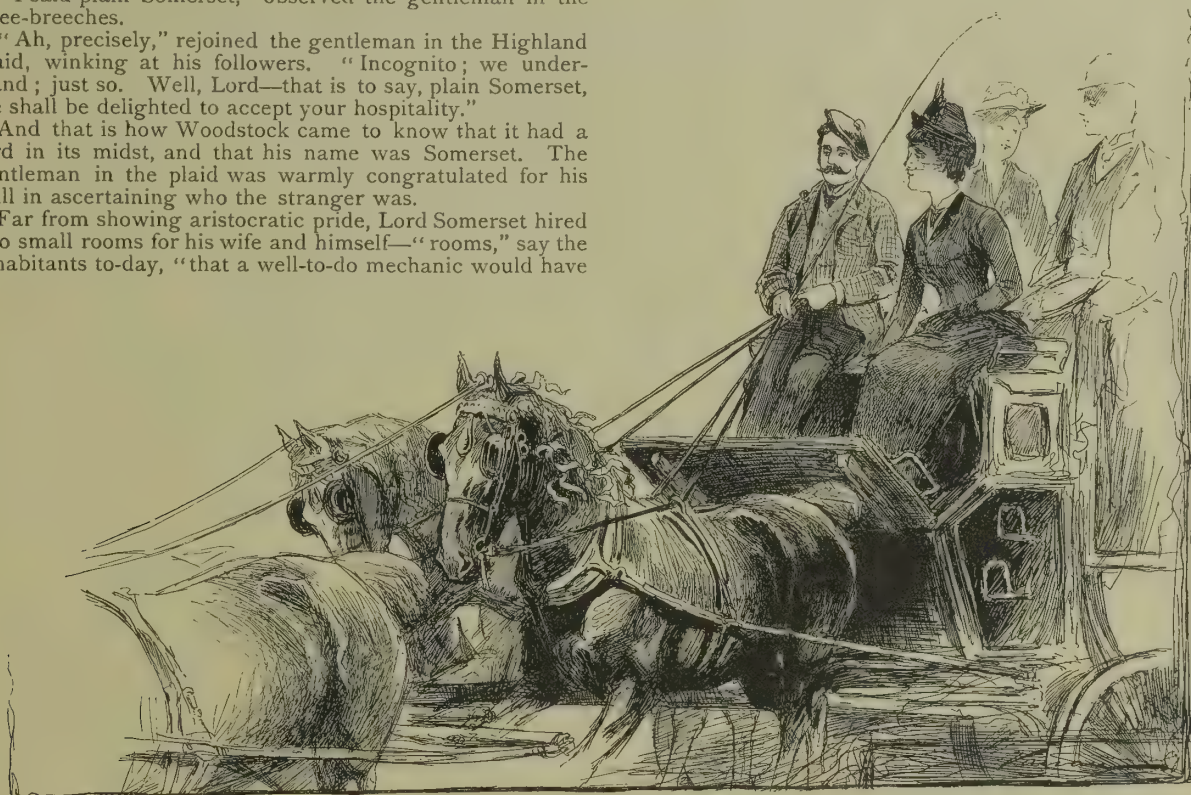
The Blenheim Swamp was a name of fear, especially to ingenuous girls of sixteen. In the heart of it was the Bottomless Lake, the depths of which no plummet had sounded.

The lake was guarded by a tangle of trees and undergrowth. In summer time the birds and game had it all to themselves. On winter nights, when the moon was up, the whitened trees stood with outstretched boughs, like a convention of ghosts, or of shrouded witches.

A place to frighten children with, this Blenheim Swamp.

"Hush," say the mothers, in these parts, when the children are refractory, "hush, or I will take you to the Swamp, and lose you."

The place had a fascination for Lord Somerset. It could



THE GOSSIPS AT THE O'NEILL HOUSE HAD HARDLY TIME TO DIGEST THE MORSEL WHEN THE BLOWING OF A HORN AWOKE THE TRANQUIL STREETS, AND, HANDLING THE RIBBONS OF A FOUR-IN-HAND, HIS LORDSHIP APPEARED. . . . HE HAD A BLONDE LADY OF DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE BESIDE HIM.

refused to live in." When he was not driving his beriboned steeds, or riding a prancing charger through the streets, he was usually playing billiards or drinking at the bar. So thoroughly democratic a lord seemed a freak of nature to minds that viewed the nobility of England through the lens of the "Duchess's" novels. But there were people in Woodstock who did not study the "Duchess" or her novels. And these people shook their heads as his lordship went dashing by.

"He's a regular 'cad,'" said one of them.

"He looks like a counter-jumper," said others.

"He rides like a tailor," said others.

"Pretty Alice Smith's grandfather should keep an eye on her," said others.

For pretty Alice Smith used to visit her grandfather in his cottage at Eastwood, about ten miles from Woodstock, and there Lord Somerset used to come and pay compliments to the budding girl, which made her cast down her eyes and blush.

"But why," she once ventured to ask him, "do you always bring a gun when you come to see me?"

"Because, after you send me away," said he, "I always go shooting in the Blenheim Swamp."

not have been pretty Alice Smith that encouraged him to come there; for Alice knew that he was married, and she was as good as she was pretty. He would spend hours talking with old Rabb, the German, who lived just outside the swamp, and whose habit was to "holler"—as he said—when strangers were lost in its mazes; and then, if they didn't hear him "holler," to take down his ancient fowling-piece and fire it. Rabb knew all about the lake and its terrors. He had heard of dozens of people who had drowned themselves in its muddy waters. Did he know of any murders committed in the swamp? Well, no; but all he could say was that if he, Rabb, were ever tempted to commit murder, here is the place where he would commit it.

Lady Somerset had no desire to visit the swamp. Her husband, indeed, had never mentioned its name to her. But she had longed to pay a good long visit to the Falls ever since she came to the neighborhood of Niagara. And one day, to her surprise, his lordship determined to gratify her.

"Reginald," she said to him softly, as they walked among the trees on Goat Island.

"I wish to Heaven you wouldn't call me Reginald," he said, impatiently.

"We are far away from Woodstock," she replied, "and I am so tired of masquerading."

"You can't be more tired than I," said his lordship. "Why don't you go home, persuade your father to make it up with us, and send me money enough to keep up the style befitting my rank in the British aristocracy?"

And Mr. Reginald Birchall laughed, but not as he used to laugh in those by-gone days—before he was metamorphosed into Lord Somerset.

"Reginald, dear," she said, as they came nearer and nearer to the torrent, "I know from my sister that papa will not forgive us. He has heard so many things against you. Why can't we go to New York, resume our own name, and get something to do? I would do anything, anything, rather than live this life of deception; and you, with your education, and your drawing, and your knowledge of Greek, could easily get a clerkship somewhere."

"Fine use a clerk would have of Greek," sneered his lordship. "And a fine clerk Lord Somerset would make."

"But we must do something," pleaded the wife. "The little money which has come from your family through the agents will soon be finished. How can we get along then?"

"Sit down," said her husband, gruffly, "and if the roar of this confounded water doesn't deafen you, I'll show you how we will get along."

Whereupon, the submissive wife having seated herself, his lordship produced the draft of an advertisement setting forth that a young University man, having a farm in Canada, wished to enter into partnership with a young Englishman of means.

"If that bait doesn't catch a gudgeon," said Mr. Reginald Birchall, "I have studied my countrymen in vain."

"But where is your farm?" asked the wife.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio," replied his lordship.

"But supposing you had persuaded some young man to come, what would you do with him when he was here?"

And she had hardly asked the question when she uttered a scream. She had been pushed from behind and felt herself falling into the torrent. Her husband caught her.

"Oh, Reginald, Reginald!" she sobbed, "who did that?"

"I did it, my dear Florence," said his lordship, sardonically. "And I did it just to show you how easily, in this convenient locality, a person who asks inconvenient questions may disappear. There, there, I am only jesting. But my scheme is serious, horribly serious. And if your nerves are getting calmer, we'll take a carriage and drive to the Rapids, and on the way I'll tell you how I can maintain you in comfort, and live as a gentleman should live, until your pig-headed governor chooses to do the proper thing."

Only half understanding, this poor wife allowed herself to be placed in a carriage. Still only half understanding, she listened to her husband's plans as they drove to the Rapids. He told her of the farm-pupil system in Canada; told her how there was an abundance of wealthy English fathers eager to ship their boys off to Canadian farms; told her how the boys believed that an earthly paradise awaited them on the shores of Lake Ontario; told her how he proposed to secure at least a couple of these youths; told her how he would tempt them with glowing descriptions of horses, stables lighted by electricity, fast trotters, races, and high living; told her, with a chuckle, how disappointed they would be when they arrived.

And still she persisted with her question:

"What will you do with them then?"

"They will go elsewhere," said he, turning his black eyes suddenly upon her.

"Oh, Reginald!" she cried, "I entreat you not to commit this fraud. Who can tell what the end of it may be? If you still have a spark of love for me, I implore you not to do it."

"Florence, you're a fool," said his lordship, curtly.

And he looked down fixedly at the Rapids, which went hurrying on, like a soul in torment rushing to its destruction.

III. THE MURDER IN THE SWAMP.

A YEAR had gone. The snow again whitened the boughs in Blenheim Swamp. A coating of muddy ice lay on the surface of the Bottomless Lake. Three farmers were trudging

among the charred stumps, and pushing the tangle-wood aside.

"Who fired?" cried George Fredenburg, suddenly, as two shots, in quick succession, rang out among the trees.

"Not I," cried John Higginson, following the trail just ahead of him.

"Nor I," shouted George Macdonald, from a distance.

"Guess it's John Rabb," said Fredenburg, listening a moment longer. "The old fool thinks we are lost. As though we were going to lose ourselves on the day of Duke's ball, eh, John?"

The thought of the dance that was to take place that night at Jerry Duke's Hotel, in Princeton, and of the pretty girls who were to dance there, led, of course, by Alice Smith, so engaged the attention of the three young men that they forgot the two shots altogether.

As for everybody else who lived in the neighborhood of the swamp, there was a function known as a "cheese-meeting" to be attended in the day, to say nothing of the dance at night. These two observances so exhausted the energies of the good people of Eastwood that nobody went into the swamp for four days after the hearing of the shots.

From that Monday, which was the seventeenth of February last, until the following Friday the snow and sleet fell upon the dismal swamp. Its desolation was complete. No sound was audible but the wind moaning among the trees. No signs of life were visible save a huge raven which flapped its wings and ominously croaked over an object that lay among the stumps.

Two young farmers, brothers, George and John Elveridge by name, had come into the swamp to chop wood. The croaking of the raven attracted their attention. They slowly advanced through the wood.

"There's something lying on a pile of saplings," said John.

"Stop!" cried George, sharply, peremptorily. "Don't stir a foot, John. Do you see what it is?"

And John Elveridge, frightened by his brother's earnestness, peered eagerly through the branches.

"It's a man," he whispered.

"Yes," said his elder, "it's a man. There's been murder done."

Though the farmers stood so near the corpse, the raven had not flown away. It fluttered from tree to tree, on either side of the body, like a sentinel mounting guard over the dead.

"Shall we look at it, George?" asked the younger of the brothers.

"No, sirree," said George, "we'll get out of here as fast as we can. When murder's committed that's the time to look for a magistrate. Who knows that we mayn't be suspected ourselves?"

And, with the croaking of the raven still in their ears, the men made for the road. Not far away they found Constable Watson, of Princeton, and with this official to represent the law, they returned to the spot where the body lay. It was the body of a young man, cleanly shaven and of dark complexion. The right foot rested on a sapling. The left foot was frozen into the ground, and the ice had to be cut to move it. The face was frozen, too.

"Why, what is this?" cried the constable, pointing in astonishment to the clothing.

"Somebody has been at work with the scissors," said George. "Every mark on trousers, shirt, and vest has been cut away."

"And the lining's torn out of the hat," said John. "If we ever discover the fellow who did it, it won't be for lack of smartness on his part."

"Hello, look here!" cried the constable at this moment. And from under the dead man's head he picked up a pair of eyeglasses and a cigar-holder. There were no marks on either. The men abandoned hopes of identifying the body, and set about removing it. They procured a sleigh in haste, laid the corpse inside it, and with their burden drove to the undertaker's at Princeton, where two doctors held an autopsy upon it, and ordered its burial in the Potter's Field.

The brothers Elveridge were not satisfied to leave the mystery unsolved. At dawn next day they were in the swamp again. They searched all around the spot where the body was found, and once more were about to relinquish



THE STORY OF A SCAMP: IT WAS THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN, CLEANLY SHAVEN AND OF DARK COMPLEXION. THE RIGHT FOOT RESTED ON A SAPLING. THE LEFT FOOT WAS FROZEN INTO THE GROUND, AND THE ICE HAD TO BE CUT TO MOVE IT. THE FACE WAS FROZEN, TOO.

the search when George, drawing his axe along the ground, suddenly found a cigar-case.

He raised it to the light.

On it was inscribed the name: "F. C. Benwell."

Next morning there was a pleasant little breakfast party at Mr. Baldwin's boarding-house in the village of Niagara Falls. Mr. Reginald Birchall, Mrs. Reginald Birchall, Mr. Douglas Pelly, a blond young Englishman whom they had brought from Liverpool, were discussing trivialities, while Mr. Baldwin was reading the morning paper.

"Well," said Mr. Baldwin suddenly, "the body found in Blenheim Swamp has been identified."

Mr. Reginald Birchall, who was raising a teaspoon to his mouth, let it drop with a clatter into his cup.

"What—aw—was the poor devil's name?" asked Mr. Pelly, languidly.

"F. C. Benwell," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Great God!" cried Pelly, rising hastily.

"That's terrible," said Mr. Birchall, never budging.

Mrs. Birchall sat white as death.

"Birchall," cried Pelly, "why don't you say something? Why don't you do something? What can it mean?"

"Then you knew the man?" asked Mr. Baldwin, who had watched this scene in amazement.

"Knew him?" said Pelly. "Didn't you know that we knew him? Didn't you know that he was one of our party; that he left here with Birchall to look at a farm; and that Birchall came back without him?"

"Oh, come," said Birchall, with a touch of gayety, "I hope you won't accuse me of knowing how Benwell came by his death?"

"I don't say you do," said the young Englishman, terribly excited. "But I'll tell you this: that I believe you to be a fraud, and I believe that the farm which Benwell and I were to share with you doesn't exist at all."

"Which I don't believe, Betsey Prig," said Mr. Birchall, mocking, "that there never didn't exist no such person as Mrs. 'Arris."

"Good heavens! man," the landlord broke in, "can you sit joking there while your murdered friend is being shovelled into a pauper's grave?"

"I accept the amendment," said Mr. Birchall. "Poor Benwell! I was really very fond of him. I will run down to Princeton and identify the body. Good-by, Florence."

Mrs. Birchall still sat rigid, white as death, and said not a word. They took her to her room, hardly conscious. When Pelly was left alone with her, he whispered: "I know what is in your mind, Mrs. Birchall; but, before Heaven, I believe him innocent; indeed I do."

And with this word of comfort, revealing that the same thought was in the minds of both, the kind-hearted young fellow set off for New York to see if Benwell could be there, as a telegram had led him to suppose.

Mr. Reginald Birchall returned from Princeton, having fully identified the body. He had shown such emotion when it was exhumed that a constable had to support him.

He went straight to his wife's bedroom. She shrank from his touch.

"Assassin!" she cried.

"You're a fool," said he, repeating the phrase that he uttered when he looked down into the Rapids.

"Reginald," said she, "I have been a true and faithful wife to you. I will be true and faithful to the end. Only let there be no deception between us. Tell me the whole truth."

He muttered, murmured, made two or three vain efforts to speak. Then, turning to see that the door was locked, he made her sit at the foot of the bed, and, walking up and down the little room, he told her the story of his journey with Benwell through Blenheim Swamp.

"Florence," said he, with a trace of unwonted tenderness in his voice, "it had to be done. I was in the devil of a hole. My only chance was to get money from Benwell's father; my only hope was to put Benwell out of the way."

Mrs. Birchall covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "I planned it on the *Britannic*, coming over," he continued. "I thought that Pelly might go over the Falls, and that the swamp would do for Benwell. When Benwell and I started out, a sort of exultation seemed to fill me. Some cruel devil possessed me; and as we went along in the train to Eastwood I could almost hear myself saying: 'Your time has come, friend Benwell; take a last good look at the earth.'"

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" moaned the wife.

Birchall appeared to find some strange satisfaction in recounting his crime.

"As soon as we left the road and struck into the swamp," he said, "I took every precaution to see that we were alone. Not a living being was in sight. When we came near the lake, Benwell sat on a log, saying that he was fagged to death. I just made one step to the rear, put my pistol to his forehead, and fired. The body wheeled half round before it fell, and the eyes met mine. For an instant I thought that the bullet had missed him. I nerved myself and fired again. He tumbled like a log at my feet. And as he lay on his back I looked at him again; and once more those ghastly eyes gleamed into mine."

The wife still sobbed convulsively.

"However," continued Birchall, as though describing an event of no particular moment, "it was now done. I borrowed those scissors of yours before starting. With them I cut all the marks from his

clothing. There was nothing to identify him, nothing, nothing—that is," he added, clenching his fist, "but that accursed cigar-case."

"It will convict you," moaned his wife.

"Convict me? Pshaw!" said Birchall, "I have not laid my plans so lightly as that. What motive can I have had for killing him? Who saw me enter the swamp with him? Who saw me come out? It is preposterous. They dare not even arrest me."

As he spoke the door was burst open. Chief Young, of the Niagara Falls police, entered the room.

"Reginald Birchall," he said, "I arrest you for the murder of Frederick Cornwallis Benwell."

IV. FLY-LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

In prison, Monday, September 22, 1890, 6 A.M.—The trial begins to-day. For the space of nine hours I, John



BENWELL AND BIRCHALL ENTERING THE SWAMP.

"As soon as we left the road and struck into the swamp, I took every precaution to see that we were alone. Not a living being was in sight."

Reginald Birchall, am to quit this art-gallery, decorated with Titianesque fancies and Rembrandesque conceits (seriously, they are cuts from the "Pink 'Un" and *Police Gazette*), and receive the homage of Woodstock and the attention of the world.

What a magnificent thing it is to be a celebrity! I hear they have arranged telephones round the court-room, so that everybody in the neighborhood may hear all that is going on. The London *Times* is to take a column of cabled matter every day; and the Paris *Figaro* the same. My looks, my gestures, the fit of my trousers, the color of my tie, will be discussed to-morrow in St. Petersburg, in Calcutta, in Pekin. Let me take down my looking-glass and adorn myself for the occasion.

"The culprit was worthy of that great presence," says Macaulay of Warren Hastings. I, too, will be worthy of this great presence—not the herd of Woodstock farmers, but the innumerable spectators whose gaze is fixed on me all over the universe.

Florence, I suppose, will be in court. What a nuisance these women are! They sit whimpering, blubbering, appealing for sympathy, when their proper attitude should be one of dignity. Still, Blackstock thinks my wife should be there; and I suppose he knows best. But I do hope she will be well dressed. There is nothing so distressing as a slovenly woman.

As for myself, Blackstock says that my safety is assured. There were so many suspicious characters in the swamp during the days when Benwell lay there that no chain of circumstances can bind the crime around me. The jury will disagree. I shall have six months more to decorate my cell with cuts of ballet-girls; then they will turn me loose to wrestle once more with fate.

Rex Birchall is all right.

Same day, evening.—The first day's trial is over. I have come, seen, and conquered. All that Woodstock boasts of beauty and fashion was in the Town Hall. The ladies sent me flowers, notes of sympathy, and regarded me tenderly. If this lasts much longer, I shall be getting vain.

Fancy being tried in a theatre! Judge MacMahon, with his mutton-chop whiskers, sits on the stage, like a chairman in a London music-hall. I expect him every minute to rap for order, and say: "Gentlemen, the next on the programme will be the Sisters Bilton, in their famous song, entitled 'Strolling along Piccadilly.'"

My reception was hardly as warm as I expected. The farmers merely stared. The ladies were visibly fluttered on my entrance. But, after all, my audience is not at Woodstock; it is everywhere.

Florence was there with her sister. She did not speak to me; didn't even look at me. She is miserably thin and pale. I wonder whether I ever loved her. I wonder

whether, in my whole life, I ever had one unselfish thought or feeling. How that woman trusted me! How blindly she followed me through all the tortuous movements of my life; and the more I abused her the more she clung to me. I suppose I ought to give her some affection in return. How can I? I need all my affection for myself, and have needed it all my life.

This is a digression. Osler, Crown Counsel, opened the case against me. Osler is bald. Osler has a thin, metallic voice. Osler has a lank finger which he points at me unceasingly. But what puzzles me is how on earth Osler knows so much about me.

I was a fool to keep Benwell's gold pencil-case. I was an idiot to wear that Astrakhan cap at Eastwood. I was utterly insane when I overlooked the cigar-case, and left it in the swamp to damn me.

And Pelly, too—how I hate him, with his good-looking, insipid face, and his drawl, and his blond mustache. Why didn't I notice his presence when Benwell and I were imitating each other's signatures? Why did I mention the swamp to him on the boat, coming over? It is easy enough to

ask these questions now; but if the case goes against me, and people think me a dolt for not taking proper precautions, I would ask them to remember that it's uncommonly difficult to get every detail straight in so elaborate a plot as this.

What I said to myself was this: "As soon as we reach Niagara Benwell must get out of the way. Perhaps he will go quietly to the West and try his luck on a Colorado ranch. In that case my letter to his father, written from Niagara, demanding twenty-five hundred dollars, will reach

England long before any letter that he could write. By the next mail I will send a typewritten letter with Benwell's name attached, saying all is well. The old gentleman will reply with the draft; I can cash it at the Niagara Falls Bank, where I will enter a small account immediately, and if trouble is made about it later, I can disappear."

That was the scheme. All I needed was Benwell's signature and Benwell's absence. But Benwell refused to go. Hence our journey to the swamp.

Up to the last moment, I am ready solemnly to swear I was willing to spare him if he had shown the least inclination to further my plans.

And now?

Supposing Osler can prove all he says? I wonder if the jury would think it convincing? They look like a lot of pig-headed farmers, narrow and provincial, and the mere fact that blood has been spilled in this county seems to have set them against me. But they can't hang me—they aren't.

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

What a horrible thought it is to be strangled, choked, cut off in a minute!



BIRCHALL RELATES THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

"It will convict you," moaned his wife.

Bah! I'm crazy. Blackstock will get me off; and if he can't, Florence will help me.

There are easier modes of death than hanging.

Tuesday, September 23d, evening.—Another day's agony is done. I must confess that the notoriety of the thing intoxi-

Benwell's whereabouts? If I had kept my mouth closed, they would never have suspected me.

If it all goes against me, Florence won't fail me. She knows where to get just what I want.

But have I the courage, even for that?

It's easy, in court, with a multitude of eyes looking on, to show nerve. But here, in this solitude, with no company but the ballet-girls on the walls—that's different, different altogether.

Thursday, September 25th, evening.—The farmers have had their innings. They all remember the day of the murder by the holding of Duke's ball. I ought to have heard of that ball before I started. Were it not for a solemnity like that, one day so resembles another in the mind of these yokels that they couldn't possibly fix it in their memory.

The hand of destiny would, indeed, be shown if I were condemned to death because Mr. Jerry Duke, an innkeeper, chose to give a dance, on a certain night, to the lads and lasses of Princeton.

Florence was not in court. Blackstock had no need of her, I suppose. But Alice Smith was there, saucy and pretty as of old. I couldn't resist the temptation of speaking to her at Eastwood. Rex, Rex, when could you withstand the attraction of a fair young face? We all have to pay for it, one day or another; and this is, I suppose, my day.

Friday, September 26th, evening.—Thank Heaven, the defence has begun. Blackstock's idea, as I understand it, is to befog the jury. Those two fellows, Baker and Colwell, were hanging about the swamp and getting drunk. Why shouldn't the murder have been committed by them?

Then there's John Rabb and Rachel Schultz, who swear they heard the shots on Tuesday. It's evident they knew nothing of Duke's ball, and had nothing to fix the date by. Lucky for me that they hadn't.

Nothing yet from Florence; not a line; not a word. Though my witnesses are beginning to testify, I feel desperately in the blues.

Saturday, September 27th, 2 P.M.—Half a session; nothing done. Two witnesses swear they saw me at Woodstock on the day of the murder. I doubt if the jury believes them.

Sunday, September 28th, evening.—Day of rest for the lawyers, but no day of rest for me. Every hour of thought con-



BIRCHALL'S CELL IN THE WOODSTOCK JAIL.

This art gallery, decorated with Titianesque fancies and Rembrandesque conceits (seriously, they are cuts from the "Pink 'Un" and *Police Gazette*).

cates me. People are coming from all over the country just to catch a glimpse of me. I wish I could wear that magnificent rig in which I used to drive my four-in-hand. As it is, in these cheap clothes I look positively insignificant. And then the sides of the prisoner's box are so confoundedly high that nothing but the top of my head can be seen. It is hard to be imposing when one can only show the top of his head.

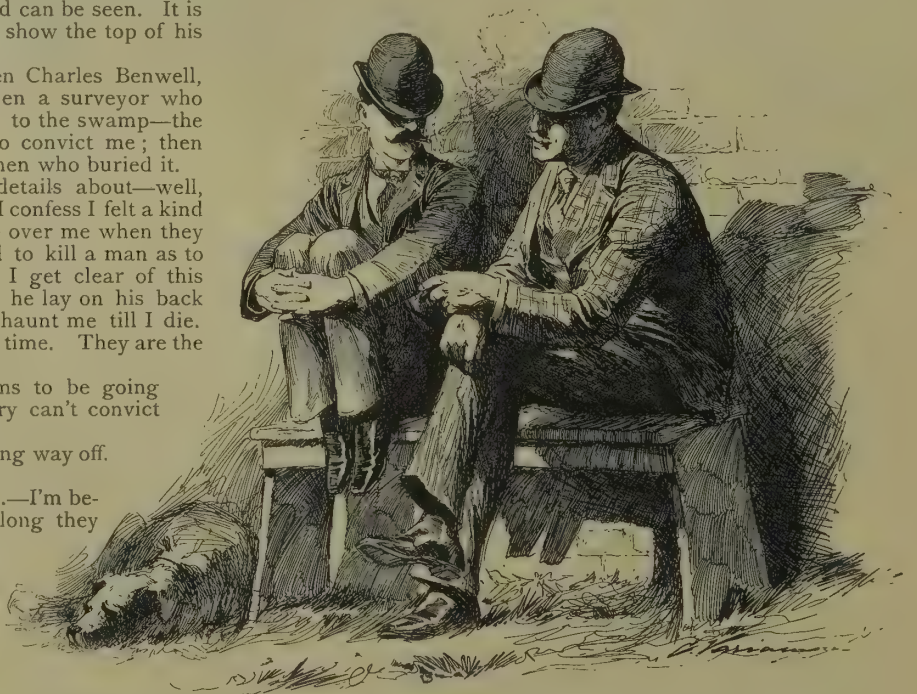
It was Pelly all day, as usual; then Charles Benwell, looking frightfully like his brother; then a surveyor who measured the distance from Eastwood to the swamp—the prosecution are working like demons to convict me; then the men who found the body, and the men who buried it.

When they first began to go into details about—well, about what they found in the swamp—I confess I felt a kind of sickening; just the feeling that came over me when they exhumed the body. It isn't half so hard to kill a man as to look at him when he is dead; and if I get clear of this charge, those eyes that glared at me as he lay on his back among the tamaracks and cedars will haunt me till I die. One doesn't think of these things at the time. They are the penalty of murder after it is committed.

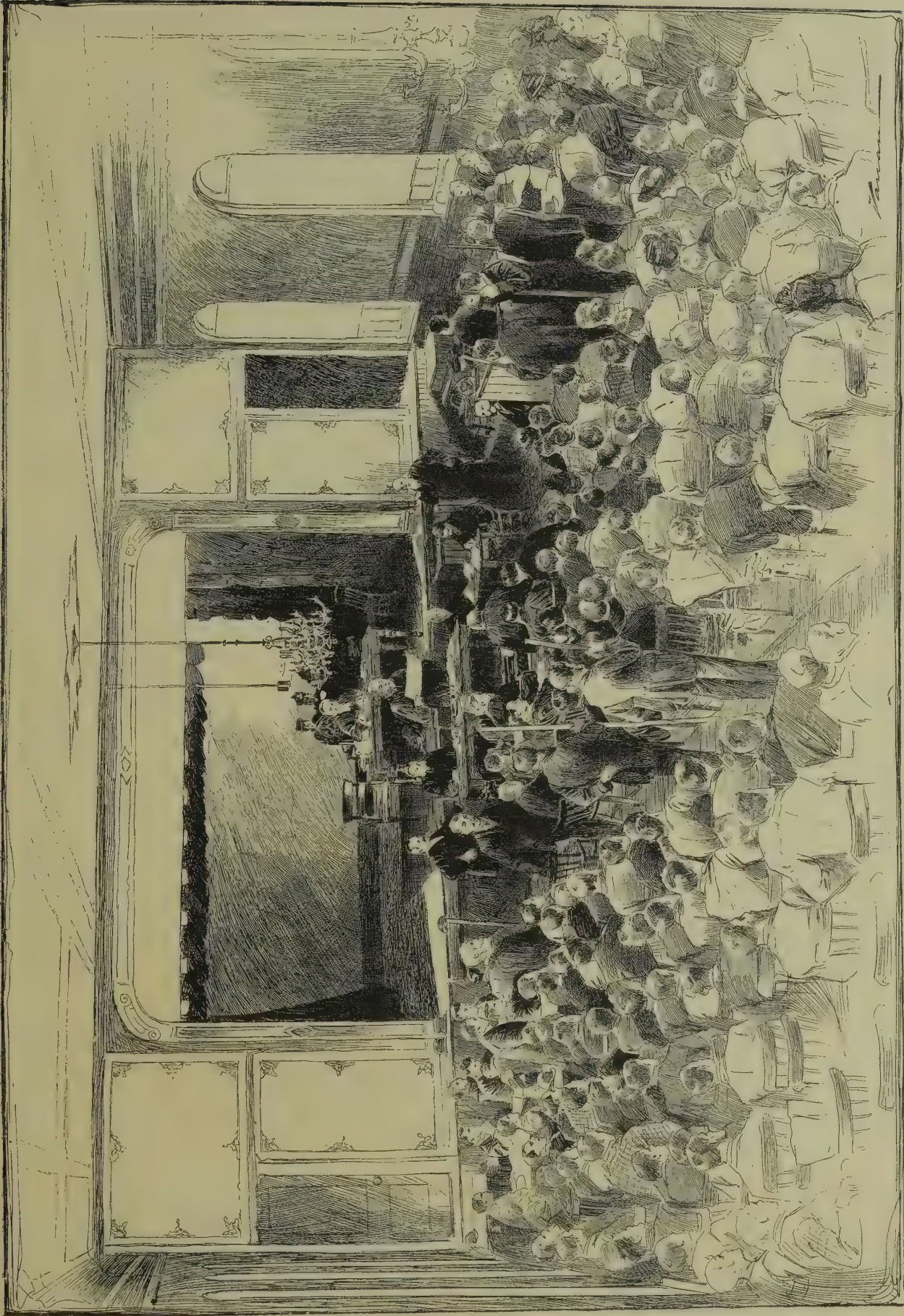
Be that as it may, everything seems to be going smoothly. Blackstock says that the jury can't convict on evidence so loose as this.

The shadow of the gallows is yet a long way off.

Wednesday, September 24th, evening.—I'm beginning to get despondent. All day long they have been keeping up a fusillade of incriminating facts. The doctors, boarding-house keeper, paying teller, telegraph operator, postmaster, meteorological expert, and a shoal of people who talked to me at Princeton poured in their evidence. It looks black, black as thunder. Why did I spin so many different yarns about



BIRCHALL DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH HIS JAILER IN THE PRISON YARD.



THE STORY OF A SCAMP: I HAVE COME, SEEN AND CONQUERED. ALL THAT WOODSTOCK BOASTS OF BEAUTY AND FASHION WAS IN THE TOWN HALL. . . . FANCY BEING TRIED IN A THEATRE! JUDGE MACMAHON, WITH HIS MUTTON-CHOP WHISKERS, SITS ON THE STAGE. LIKE A CHAIRMAN IN A LONDON MUSIC HALL. I EXPECT HIM EVERY MINUTE TO RAP FOR ORDER, AND SAY: "GENTLEMEN, THE NEXT ON THE PROGRAMME WILL BE THE SISTERS BILTON, IN THEIR FAMOUS SONG, ENTITLED 'STROLLING ALONG PICCADILLY.'"

vinces me of the impotence of my defence. The jurors have made up their minds; I am satisfied of that. Whenever one of them turns his eyes in my direction, there's a fixed and a dogged look in them.

They are going to hang me.

If I could only escape. These bars don't seem so exceptionally strong. Mr. Markey, that clever fellow on the local paper, says that nobody believes I shall die by hanging. And why should I? Why not make a dash for freedom, if I can? Better that Cameron and his men should shoot me down in my flight, or that Murray and his detectives should trap me in the swamp where Benwell lay, than that I should dangle in the court-yard yonder, and hear the jail-dog that I have petted whimper as they swing me off.

Monday, September 29th, 8 P.M.—The momentous day has passed. Blackstock made his speech on my behalf; Osler made his speech in reply. The judge summed up. I know that it's all over.

They testified that Benwell and I carried a gun-case from the train at Eastwood. "What became of that gun-case?" asked Blackstock. "Thrown into the Bottomless Lake," replied Osler.

"Two reputable men saw the prisoner at Woodstock," said Blackstock. "They were mistaken," replied Osler.

"Benwell had eaten nothing on the day of his murder; so he could not have been killed during his journey with Birchall," said Blackstock. "We have given evidence that he refused to eat with Birchall," answered Osler.

"The bruises on his body show that he had taken part in a brawl," said Blackstock. "They were made in falling when Birchall killed him," replied Osler.

"His boots were clean while Birchall's were muddy," said Blackstock. "The sleet had washed them," replied Osler.

"As there were other people in the swamp, Birchall would have been afraid to shoot," said Blackstock. "He didn't know they were there," replied Osler.

"He had no motive for murder; for, if Benwell's father had sent the draft, Birchall could not have cashed it," said Blackstock. "You are mistaken; he could," replied Osler.

And thus my counsel's points vanished like summer snow. When Osler sat down, my defence was gone.

The game is up. I must face the crisis, face it like a man; and—then—then—I must trust to Florence.

Same day, 11 P.M.—The case has been given to the jury. My only hope is a disagreement.

What if I made a half confession, and implicated somebody else? Whom to implicate? Whom? This Neville Picthall, on whose farm I lived—why should I not say that he helped me? Why not boldly assert that I merely decoyed the bird, and that Picthall killed him?

After all, what should I gain? A few days of life. They would, at least, have me in court for a week, and during that week Florence would find chances to hand me the poison, or to pass it to me in her mouth when she kissed me.

Kissed me?

How odd the two words look, written under this straggling light. What memories they bring of the days when we wandered, hand-in-hand, in those Norwood lanes!

There was the Crystal Palace just in front of us; the grounds where lovers could sit beside the lake, or lose themselves in the solitary patches of trees.

The day comes back to me from the past—the day when I asked her to marry me. I had lied to her father about Oxford. He had found me out and forbidden me to speak to his daughter.

And we sat, she and I, by that pond in the Crystal Palace, and watched the swans, and "spooned."

"Florence," said I, "it's neck or nothing now. You must choose between the governor and me."

And she said to me, as Ruth said—I wonder if I remember my Bible well enough to quote it?—"Where thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Heigho! Here comes Entwistle, my guard, to take me back to court. The jury have found a verdict.

"Hello, Entwistle."

No answer. I read the verdict in his face.

"Guilty."

Tuesday, September 30th, 1 A.M.—I am sentenced to be hanged. The judge was perfectly cold; I was perfectly cool. He pitied my relatives; I thanked him. He spoke about religion; I bowed.

Poor Florence!

The trouble is, I fancy, that from childhood I thought only about myself. Save once or twice, I could not bring myself to work. I tried to cut a figure with men of means. I was always for display, and had no money to keep it up.

Poor Florence!

I couldn't cry if I tried. If I could, I think I would cry for her. It will be an awful disgrace for her to carry through life. People will point their finger at her—"the wife of the man who was hanged."

And at heart she is as innocent as a child.

All that she did she did for me. Brutally as I treated her, she followed me like a dog. Having found out what I was, she might have deserted me. Yet here she has remained, week after week, month after month, loyal to the end.

Poor Florence!

Bah! I'll try to get a little sleep.

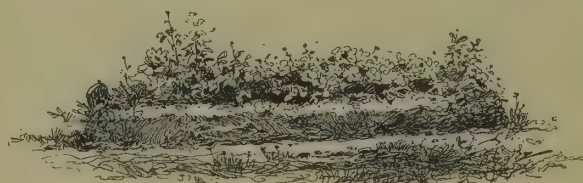
Tuesday, September 30th, 5 A.M.—I've had a few hours' sleep. There's just light enough to write by. Write? What shall I write? Why write of my despair?

There are figures moving in the court-yard. What are they doing with that tape? Ah, I understand. They are measuring the ground for the gallows.

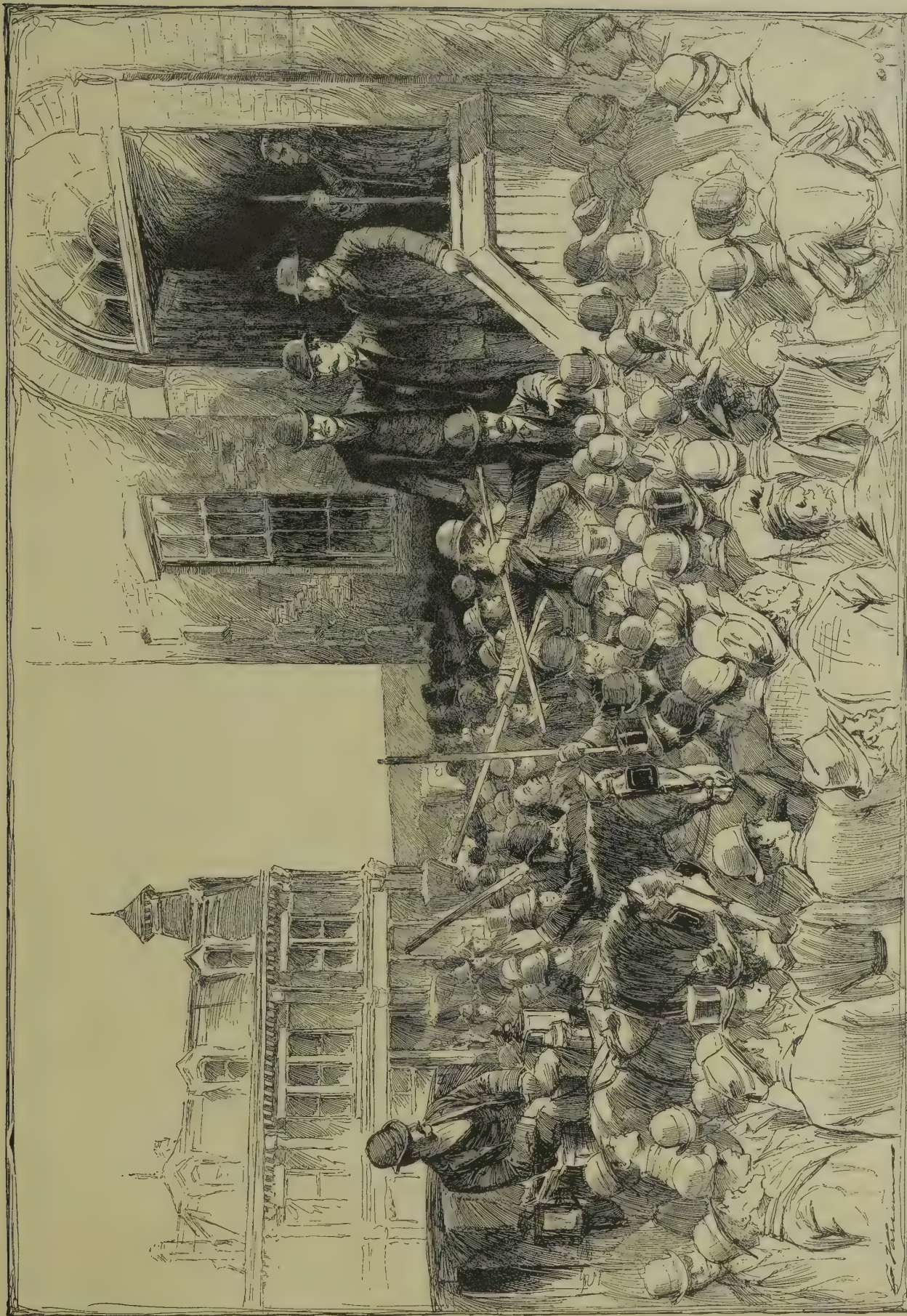
Oh, Florence, my wife, come to me, come to me; you are all that is left to me on earth!



PRETTY ALICE SMITH, THE BELLE OF WOODSTOCK. THE PRINCIPAL WITNESS AGAINST BIRCHALL, WHO SAW HIM NEAR WHERE BENWELL'S BODY WAS FOUND.



BENWELL'S GRAVE AT PRINCETON, ONT.



THE STORY OF A SCAMP: ANOTHER DAY'S AGONY IS DONE. I MUST CONFESS THAT THE NOTORIETY OF THE THING INTOXICATES ME. PEOPLE ARE COMING FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY JUST TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF ME.



A GLANCE AT THE ROMANCE OF ARITHMETIC.

If figures won't lie, if they won't even equivocate, if two and two exhibit an unbending determination to make four and nothing but four, at least figures do often play strange pranks. They abound in paradoxes, and though a paradox is rightly defined as a truth that only appears to be a lie, yet the stern moralist, who hates even the appearance of evil, looks with scant favor upon a paradox. Luckily, we are not all so stern in our morality. Most of us welcome a little ingenious trifling, an amiable coquetting with the truth; we are willing that Mr. Gradgrind shall have the monopoly of hard facts; we like to find romance even in our arithmetic.

And we don't have far to look.

There is the number nine. It is a most romantic number, and a most persistent, self-willed, and obstinate one. You cannot multiply it away or get rid of it anyhow. Whatever you do it is sure to turn up again, as did the body of Eugene Aram's victim.

Mr. W. Green, who died in 1794, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits will invariably add up as nine. Thus, twice 9 is 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Very good. Add the digits, 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Go on to any extent and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random. Nine times 339 is 3,051; add the digits together, and they make 9. Or, again, 9 times 2,127 is 19,134; add the digits together, they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or still again, 9 times 5,071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9.

This seems startling enough. Yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was M. de Maivan who discovered that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be 9. As, for example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 2941 \\ \text{Reverse, } 1492 \\ \hline 1449 \end{array}$$

Now $1 + 4 + 4 + 9 = 18$; and $1 + 8 = 9$.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example, with 62, and, reverse it, you get 26. Now $62 - 26 = 36$, and $3 + 6 = 9$. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3,844. Subtract one from the other, and you get $3,168 = 18$, and $1 + 8 = 9$. So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracted, they leave 220,752 = 18, and $1 + 8 = 9$.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132; subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and, no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the products will always come to 9.

$$\begin{array}{r} 7549132, \text{ sum of digits} = 31. \\ \hline 31 \end{array}$$

$$7549101, \text{ sum of digits} = 27, \text{ and } 2 + 7 = 9.$$

Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9, with the single omission of eight, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by nine, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by nine. Thus, if you wish a series

of fives, you take $5 \times 9 = 45$ for a multiplier, with this result:

$$\begin{array}{r} 12345679 \\ 45 \\ \hline 61728395 \\ 49382716 \\ \hline 55555555 \end{array}$$

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines. Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857; multiplied by 2 equals 285,714; multiplied by 3 equals 428,571; multiplied by 4 equals 571,428; multiplied by 5 equals 714,285; multiplied by 6 equals 857,142; multiplied by 7 equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity: multiplied by 3, or any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

The wonderfully procreative power of figures, or, rather, their accumulative growth, has been exemplified in that familiar story of the farmer who, undertaking to pay his farrier one grain of wheat for the first nail, two for the second, and so on, found that he had bargained to give the farrier more wheat than was grown in all England.

My beloved young friend who loves to frequent the roulette table, do you know that if you began with a dime, and were allowed to leave all your winnings on the table, five consecutive lucky guesses would give you a million and a half of dollars, or, to be exact, \$1,450,625.52?

Yet that would be the result of winning thirty-five for one five times hand running.

Here is another example: Take the number 15, we will say. Multiply that by itself, and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn.

You don't think that is a difficult problem? Well, you may be a clever mathematician, but it would take you about a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum.

The final product called for contains 38,589 figures, the first of which are 1,442. Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be over 1,070 feet long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working ten hours a day for three hundred days in each year would be twenty-eight years about it. If, in multiplying, he should make a row of ciphers, as he does in other figures, the number of figures would be more than 523,939,228. This would be the precise number of figures used if the product of the left-hand figure in each multiplicand, by each figure of the multiplier was always a single figure, but, as is most frequent and yet not always, two figures, the method employed to obtain the foregoing result cannot be accurately applied. Assuming that the cipher is used on an average once in ten times, 475,000,000,000 approximates the actual number.

There is a clever Persian story about the wealthy Oriental who, dying, left seventeen camels to be divided as follows: His eldest son to have half, his second son, a third; and his youngest, a ninth. But how divide camels into fractions? The three sons, in despair, consulted Mohammed Ali.

"Nothing easier," said the wise man. "I'll lend you another camel to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves."

The consequence was, each brother got from one-eighth to one-half more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second, six; and the third, two.

There are many mathematical queries afloat whose object is to puzzle the wits of the unwary listener or to beguile him into giving an absurd reply. Some of these are very ancient, many are excellent. Who, for example, has not, at some period of his existence, been asked, "If a goose weighs ten pounds and

half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?" And who has not been tempted to reply on the instant, fifteen pounds? The correct answer being, of course, twenty pounds. Indeed, it is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

"How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, one yard being cut off every day?"

Or again:

"A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high, ascends five feet every day, and slips down four feet every night; how long will the snail take to reach the top of the post?"

Or again:

"A wise man having a window one yard high and one yard wide, and requiring more light, enlarged his window to twice its former size; yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How was this done?"

This is a catch question in geometry, as the preceding were catch questions in arithmetic—the window being diamond-shaped at first, and afterward made square. As to the two former, perhaps it is scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not fifty days, but forty-nine; and to the second not twenty days, but sixteen—since the snail, who gains one foot each day for fifteen days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole, and there remains.

Such examples are plentiful. But though amusing enough, they are mere quibbling. Let us get back to more serious ground.

We have spoken of the number nine as a sort of Old Man of the Sea in mathematics.

But nine is not the only number that is dowered with a strong and self-assertive will. In history and legend the number seven turns up with the same frequency that nine displays in the multiplication table.

Take the Bible, for example: There are seven days of creation; after seven days' respite the flood came; the years of famine and plenty were in cycles of seven; every seventh day was a Sabbath; every seventh year the Sabbath of rest; after every seven times seven years came the jubilee; the feasts of unleavened bread and of tabernacles were observed seven days; the golden candlestick had seven branches; seven priests with seven trumpets surrounded Jericho seven times, and seven times on the seventh day; Jacob obtained his wives by servitudes of seven years; Samson kept his nuptials seven days, and on the seventh day he put a riddle to his wife, and he was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were shaved off; Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; Shadrach and his two companions in misfortune were cast into a furnace heated seven times more than it was wont. In the New Testament nearly everything occurs by sevens, and at the end of the sacred volume we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven trumpets, seven seals, seven stars, seven thunders, seven vials, seven plagues, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

The Jews considered this number the embodiment of perfection and unity. Thus they claimed that the Hebrew letters composing the name of Samuel have the value of seven—a recognition of the greatness and perfection of his character.

Turn now to other nations than the Jews and to other religions than the Christian. The number seven still retains its mystic character.

Pythagoras pronounced the number to belong especially to sacred things. Hippocrates divided the ages of man into seven, an arrangement afterward adopted by Shakespeare. Long before them, however, the Egyptian priests had enjoined rest on the seventh day, because it was an unlucky day; and still further back in the mists of antiquity we find the institution of a Sabbath, or day of rest every seven days, existing in a rudimentary form among the Chaldeans. The Egyptians knew of seven planets, hence the seven days of the week, each ruled and named after its proper constellation. It is singular that the ancient Peruvians also had a seven-day week, though without planetary patronage or planetary names. They also had a tradition of a great deluge wherefrom seven people saved themselves in a cave and repopled the earth. This tradition existed also in Mexico, but there the seven survivors were each hidden in a separate cave until the subsidence of the waters.

Mediæval legend, too, continues this mystic tribute to the number seven. The delightful old slumberers carry on the idea. The great originals, the sleepers of Ephesus, are seven in number. Barbarossa, in his magic sleep in the Knyfferhausen, shifts his position every seven years; Olger Danske stamps his iron mace on the floor once during the same period; Olger Redbeard, in Sweden, lifts his eyelids only once in seven years; Tannhauser and Thomas of Erildoune spend seven years of magic enthrallment under the earth.

But seven was not and is not the only mystic number. The number three and the number nine also find their votaries. The Chinese have a great reverence for the latter. They prostrate themselves nine times before their emperor. Some African tribes have the same form of salutation for their chiefs.

Three was looked upon with great veneration by the early Christians, and, indeed, almost rivalled the reverence given to seven, for it was the symbol of the Trinity, and it was found over and over again in the Scriptures. When the world was created we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; Christ three days in the tomb. There were three patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Job had three friends. Samuel was called three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. The Commandments were delivered on the third day. St. Paul speaks of Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three. And so on and so on. It were tedious to continue the enumeration.

In classic mythology the Graces and the Furies were three, the Muses were originally three, and Cerberus's three heads, Neptune's trident, the tripod of Delphi, are a few more instances of the sacred character of the number.

Nay, does not life itself and nature proclaim the same truth? Have we not morning, noon, and night; fish, flesh, and fowl; water, ice, and snow; hell, earth, and heaven?

No wonder the witches in "Macbeth" ask: "When shall we three meet again?"

It will be seen that sacred numbers are always odd. Hence may arise the modern superstition among gamblers that there is luck in odd numbers. But among the ancient heathens also even numbers were shunned, because each can be divided into two, a number that Pythagoras and others denounced as the symbol of death and dissolution and evil augury generally.

The antique worship of mystic numbers still shows its after-effect in various popular superstitions. For instance, the seventh son of a seventh son (called in France a *marcou*) is reputed to possess singular powers of healing, and even intelligent people still hold to the fallacy that young animals born blind will open their eyes on the ninth day. The truth is that the blindness period of puppies varies from ten to sixteen days, and that of kittens from six to twelve. The frequent assertion that "colds" will run their natural course in nine days is equally erroneous. A slight catarrh, characterized by all its unmistakable symptoms, may come and depart in three times twenty-four hours, while chronic "colds" are often as persistent as their cause, and may worry a whole family from Christmas to the season of open windows. Country experts in the phenomena of rabies are apt to assure the victim of a snapping cur that the bite of a mad dog will show its effect on the seventh day, after which time (sometimes extended to the "ninth day") the dread of evil consequences may be dismissed; but the truth is that the virus of hydrophobia may remain latent for more than five years.

The old idea that man changed his body entirely every seven years is part of the same general fallacy. Mediæval physiologists were fond of noting that seven months is the least in which a child may be born and live, that the teeth spring out in the seventh month and are renewed in the seventh year; that he becomes a youth at twice seven, at four times seven is in full possession of his strength, at five times is fitted for the business of the world, at six times seven becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times is at his apogee; at eight times seven in his first climacteric, and at nine times seven in his grand climacteric.



WE are not a bit royalist over here; on the contrary, like true citizens of a republic, we regard would-be kings and actual kings as only common mortals. It is not reverence for the blood of the Bourbons that leads us to do honor to the Comte de Paris and his party, but the memory of his illustrious services during the Civil War. We are glad to prove that republics are not always ungrateful.

An account of the military career of the Comte de Paris, and of his brother, the Duc de Chartres, in this country has been given already in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN. From the latter part of September, 1861, to July of the following year the two princes served as aides-de-camp, without pay, on the staff of General McClellan, having the rank of captain. At the conclusion of the disastrous campaign in the Peninsula, family interests made it necessary for them to return to France.

The count's party includes his son, the Duc d'Orléans, of conscription fame; the Duc d'Uzès, son of the lady who advanced three millions of francs to the Boulangists in the hope of restoring France to royalty; the Marquis de Lasteyrie and the Comte d'Haussonville, descendants of Lafayette; Colonel de Parseval, Captain Morhain, and Dr. Récamier.

They received an official welcome by direction of President Harrison, and the terrors of the Custom House were not for them. When the White Star steamship *Germanic*, on which they voyaged, arrived in port, several revenue cutters carried parties down the bay to greet the visitors. These parties included many generals, and reporters of the newspapers.

It was probably not easy for these republican soldiers to greet the representative of the royal line of France in the terms prescribed by court etiquette; but politeness proved stronger than democratic opinions, and the reporters took down what they said.

Gen. Daniel E. Butterfield addressed him as "Your Royal Highness."

Gen. C. D. Keyes used the title of "Monseigneur."

Collector Joel B. Erhardt contented himself with "Sir."

The count was not at all excited by these honors. The reporters were very much pleased with his behavior. One of them wrote:

"There was no formality. It was not His Royal Highness, the heir to the throne of France; it was simply the captain on 'Little Mac's' staff, who turned from one to the other of his old army friends with a hearty grasp of the hand and a word of kindly greeting. The count spoke to everybody in a most informal way and with the most kindly graciousness of manner. He made his visitors feel perfectly at ease. His manner was that of a cultured gentleman, without the slightest trace of condescension. When any one was presented to him who greeted him ceremoniously with uncovered head and as 'Your Royal Highness,' the count, with a pleasant smile, would promptly say: 'Please put on your hat, sir,' and then would enter into talk just as any other private gentleman."

It seems that there is one person in the city of New York who has thus far resisted the republican influences in the atmosphere about her and has remained a royalist at heart. She is the Vicomtesse Monte Arcole, a descendant of La Tour d'Auvergne, First Grenadier of France. The Hon. Elijah Pogram would have been shocked had he witnessed the salutation she gave the count when the steamship reached the pier and she went on board. First came a sweeping courtesy almost to the deck and then an attempt to kiss the hand of the count, which he dexterously eluded. She then presented to him a bouquet of fleurs-de-lis, tied with white ribbon on which appeared in letters of gold the words "Montjoie Saint Denis!" (the old royal battle-cry of France) and "Vive le Roi!" To the Duc d'Orléans she gave a bunch of white roses. She protested with much emotion her loyalty and affection for the house of Orleans.

The Comte de Paris told her that he remembered having seen her in France years ago.

To those who watched the Comte de Paris receiving old friends, it was evident that he had the royal gift of remembering faces and persons. Though he had not met General O. O. Howard or General M. T. McMahon since leaving the Army of the Potomac, twenty-eight years ago, he recognized both immediately, and had a pleasant speech for each. His conversation was directed almost exclusively to war topics and to reminiscences of the army. Politics he eschewed absolutely, and he explained repeatedly that he wished to avoid all references of a political nature, as he had come to America as a private gentleman to see old friends and revisit old scenes. It was understood that he desired, also, to gather material for a new edition of his "History of the Civil War in America." He expects to return to Europe next month.

The only incident to mar the pleasure of the voyage across was the illness of an old servant of the Orleans family, Carl Haas, valet of the Duc d'Orléans. He was attacked with peritonitis the second day out, and became so ill that it was feared that he would die at sea. On arriving in New York, he was carried in an ambulance to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he died the same evening.

The first words uttered by the Comte de Paris as he stepped on the pier were addressed to General Butterfield.

"My dear general," he said, clasping his hand, "I am very glad to stand again on American soil."

The last thing the Comte de Paris did before leaving England was to issue a proclamation, in the form of a letter to a friend, explaining his position with regard to the Boulangist intrigues. In it he said:

"I take up in order such weapons as it furnishes me with, and I do not regret having made use of these to create divisions among the republicans. Being the representative of monarchy, I am to lose no opportunity of insuring its victory. . . . I now wish to request my friends not to waste time in recriminations. I wish them boldly to assert their confidence in the principles of monarchy, and to unite among themselves in order to keep up the struggle. They will not be worthy of the confidence of France, unless they have confidence in themselves, in their cause, and in God."

The use to which the weapons referred to were put is indicated by the Duchesse d'Uzès in an interview published by the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, of Paris. She said, referring to the three millions of francs she had advanced: "I gave the money to intermediaries, never to the General himself, except on one occasion, for the purpose of buying somebody; he was well worth the money, and did good service. It is no use asking his name; I shall never mention names; neither shall I publish General Boulanger's letters, though they would be edifying reading. In two or three of these letters he assured me that he was working for the restoration of the monarchy; but," continued the Duchess, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "the General is quite undecipherable. Was an account given me of how the money had been spent? No: perhaps it ought to have been done; but, at any rate, it was not."

The interviewer having inquired if it was true that the Comte de Paris had given her a bill for the sums she had advanced, backed by the members of the Royalist Committee, and payable after the restoration of the monarchy, the Duchess replied: "It is quite true that the money is to be repaid when the monarchy is reestablished, but there has been no acknowledgment and no bill indorsed by the Royalist Committee. The signature of the Comte de Paris would have been amply sufficient. Did the Comte de Paris advance any money personally? Not one sou that I know of. He requested his friends, I believe, to organize a fund to defray the Boulangist expenses."

In answer to further questions, the Duchess stated that the Comte de Paris and General Boulanger met only once at her rooms, at the Alexandra Hotel, in London, last year, just before the French general elections. The Prince arrived first, and the General drove up a quarter of an hour later. The Comte de Paris astonished the Duchess by the breadth of his views and his political conceptions. He promised the coöperation of his friends, and money to defray the expenses of the candidates recommended by the General, and all that he asked in exchange was, that if the General got a majority in the new Chamber, the law expelling the princes should be repealed.



Some of the
Count's former
companions in
arms are

Gen. Dan
Butterfield

Gen. Slocum

The Countess de Montecarlo
presents a bouquet of lilies
to the Count on board
the steamer

Their first
evening in New York
— Count Kessler's guests at
Otero's performance —

First glimpse
of
"Liberty"



THE LICK STATUARY.

AMONG the bequests of the late James Lick, the California philanthropist, was one of one hundred thousand dollars for a monument to be erected in front of the grand rotunda of the San Francisco City Hall. The will simply directed that the statuary was to be commemorative of the growth and development of the State of California.

Somewhat less than ten years ago an advertisement appeared in the San Francisco papers asking for plans for the statuary, and a number of competitors from this and other countries sent in designs. Nothing more was heard of the result until about the close of 1889, when the trustees announced that they had selected four of these designs as being the best of those submitted. They were those of Frank Happersberger, a young art student of German education, whose statue of Garfield has a place in Golden Gate Park; F. Seregni, a writing-master; Wright & Saunders, architects; and James Hochholzer, a draughtsman for one of the trustees, who is a furniture dealer. They were all of San Francisco. These four were asked to send in models of their designs, with the understanding that while the actual statuary would be made after one model only, all four designers would be paid an equal amount, seven hundred and fifty dollars, as compensation for their trouble and expense.

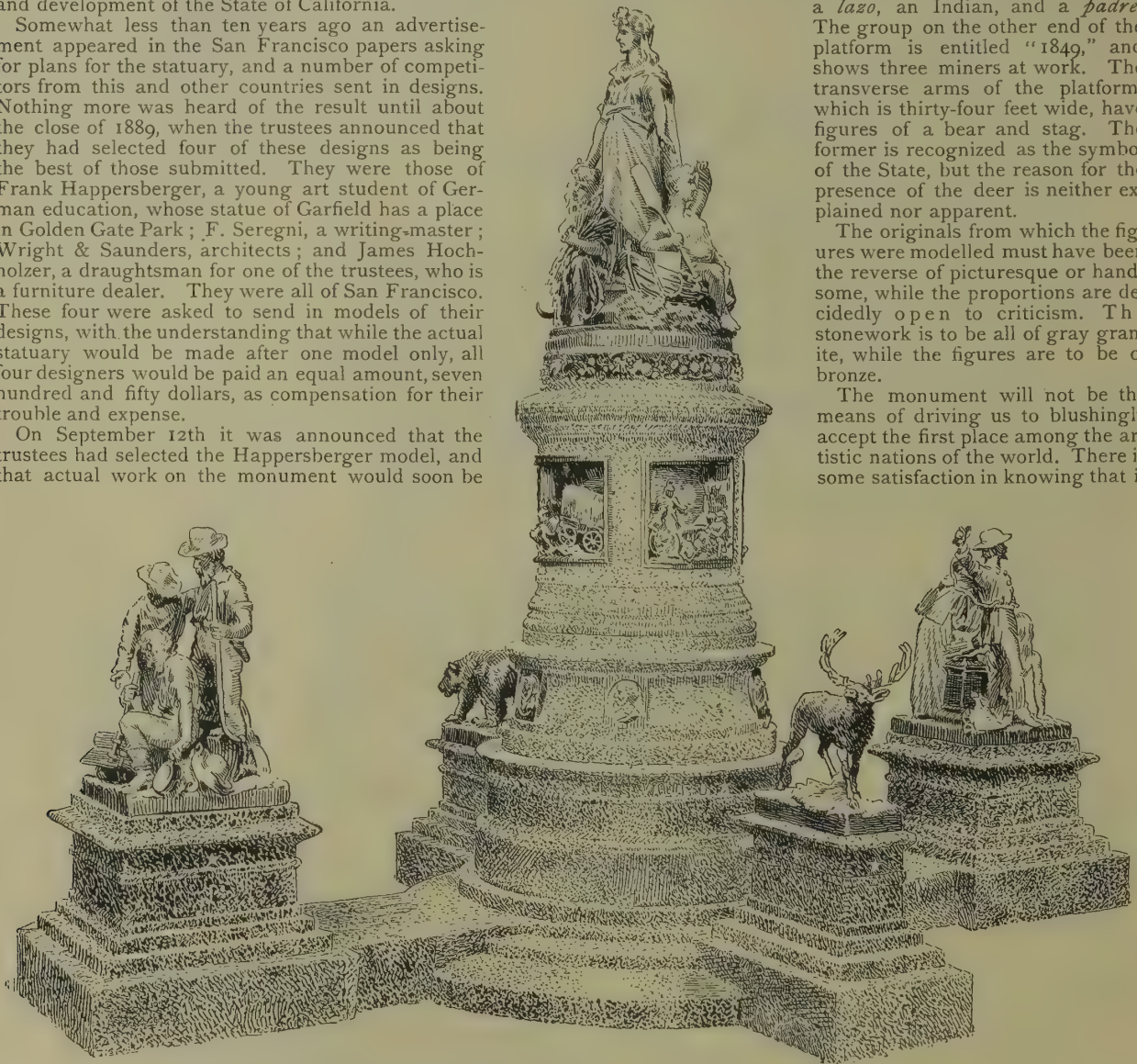
On September 12th it was announced that the trustees had selected the Happersberger model, and that actual work on the monument would soon be

sents the lassoing of wild cattle, a second the pioneer caravan, a third commercial prosperity, and a fourth is a mining scene. Nearer the base of the column and set at intervals round it are medallion portraits of those makers of California's early history, Sutter, Sloat, Junipero Serra, Frémont, with Lick added as a matter of deserved courtesy, while in raised letters near the bottom are the names of these and other notable men.

At either end of the long arm of the cross-shaped platform, which is forty-six feet long, is an emblematic group on a low, oblong pedestal. The first is entitled "Early Days," and represents three figures eight feet high, a Spanish *vaquero* in the act of throwing a *lazo*, an Indian, and a *padre*. The group on the other end of the platform is entitled "1849," and shows three miners at work. The transverse arms of the platform, which is thirty-four feet wide, have figures of a bear and stag. The former is recognized as the symbol of the State, but the reason for the presence of the deer is neither explained nor apparent.

The originals from which the figures were modelled must have been the reverse of picturesque or handsome, while the proportions are decidedly open to criticism. The stonework is to be all of gray granite, while the figures are to be of bronze.

The monument will not be the means of driving us to blushing accept the first place among the artistic nations of the world. There is some satisfaction in knowing that it



THE LICK MONUMENT, COMMEMORATIVE OF THE GROWTH OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

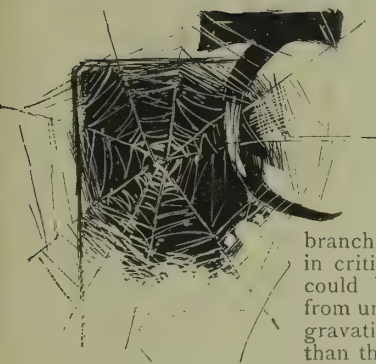
begun. The Happersberger model is cruciform in plan. In the centre there is a circular column nearly eight feet in diameter and 24 feet 6 inches high, surmounted by a group of figures 11 feet 6 inches high, making the total height of the central piece 36 feet. The dominating figure is that of California, who stands erect in the centre, while around her are grouped three sitting figures representing agriculture, commerce, and industry. Fruit, flowers, cereals, and grapes form an ornamental frieze below the plinth, and underneath this, facing in the direction of the four arms of the cross, are four deeply inset panels, which give the panel an oddly cut appearance when viewed from the side. These alto-reliefs are, however, the best parts of the monument. One repre-

might have been worse. Suppose it had been a jumble of pots and hooks, or a pyramid of wash-stands and kitchen tables.

The monument, if a Divine Providence does not intervene before it is completed, will stand, not as a glorification of the wonderful growth and development of the State of California, but as an embodiment of what is poor in art and of that stupendous Philistinism which selects local mediocrity in preference to foreign talent to design our monuments simply because it is local.

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COBWEBS OF CRITICISM.



HE mistakes of the organs of the professed critics, the monthly and quarterly reviews, have long been favorite subjects for the scorned author to point the finger of scorn at.

"Who *are* the critics?" asks Lord Aldegonde in Disraeli's novel, and he is answered, "Those who have failed in literature and art."

Their failure, however, in those branches does not always guarantee them success in criticism. Indeed, no more soothing reading could be recommended to the author smarting from unmerited castigation, or, what is just as aggravating, castigation which he deems unmerited, than the back numbers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, but especially the latter.

There he will learn what other authors have suffered, as he has, and will be proud to find into how glorious a brotherhood he has been enrolled. In the *Edinburgh* will be Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Goethe, and Ruskin; in the *Quarterly*, Shelley, Keats, Lamb, Hunt, Hazlitt, Bentham, Disraeli, Tennyson, Macaulay, Hallam, and Charlotte Brontë—all swelling the noble list of damned authors. Of these two periodicals the *Quarterly* is undoubtedly the worst, both in wilful blindness to merit and in foul-mouthed abuse. It would be impossible to point to any review, published in any country, more persistent and malignant in its attacks upon men who are now recognized to have been the intellectual princes of their time. This is almost wholly due to the influence of its founder and first editor, William Gifford, and his worthy successor, John Wilson Croker.

Mr. Gifford, as Hazlitt tells us, was originally bred to some handicraft; he afterward contrived to learn Latin, and was for some time an usher in a school till he became a tutor in a nobleman's family. "The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant and the dependant on the great, contribute to form the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He is admirably qualified for his position by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired." Of Croker, Macaulay has given us the following character, which Miss Martineau says he had earned for himself—purchased by hard facts: "Mr. Croker is a man who would go a hundred miles through sleet and snow, on the top of a coach, in a December night, to search a parish register for the sake of showing that a man is illegitimate, or a woman older than she says she is."

These were the men who thought Hazlitt a dull blockhead and Leigh Hunt an imbecile; whose acme of cleverness was reached when they dubbed the gentle Elia the King of the Cockneys; who characterized the "Prometheus Unbound" as "drivelling prose run mad," the "Revolt of Islam" as "unsupportably dull," and the "Endymion" as "gratuitous nonsense;" who brutally advised John Keats, the author of the latter, to go back to his gallipots; who could not find room in seventy closely printed pages for

"any but the more prominent defects and errors" of Lord Macaulay as developed in the first two volumes of his "History of England;" and who sneered with clumsy irony at the "peculiar brilliancy" of "the gems that irradiate the poetical crown" of that "singular genius," Mr. Alfred Tennyson. But the charge of defective taste is not the only charge that can be brought against them.

A far more serious count in their indictment would be the cowardly blackguardism with which they pursued the objects of their dislike. They knew nothing of chivalry, generosity, forbearance, kindness, courtesy. The qualities of heart and of imagination which noble natures carry into literary and political strife were wanting in these men. Their contests were the contests of the streets. Not that English literary controversies have ever been wanting in a certain coarse vitality and vigor. Prelatist and Puritan, Jacobite and Hanoverian, had each known how to call names. Milton had not always been golden-mouthed, and Butler had called a spade a spade. Swift was not nice; Churchill was sometimes vulgar. But in the worst days of controversy, party rancor had generally spared the weak, left modest merit in the shade, respected household sanctities, and turned its shafts aside from unoffending women. In the palmy days of the *Quarterly Review* no man's honor, no woman's good name, was safe. Neither rank nor obscurity sheltered the victim from their malice. No life was too blameless for reproach. No career was too noble for scandal. The men of this school invented foul anecdotes, and their delight was to blight generous characters. Poetic justice never contented their revenge, and an enemy seldom escaped from under their hands until he had been made to violate every precept in the Decalogue.

It is to be regretted that among the members of this bad school must be reckoned John Wilson, the jovial professor of moral philosophy and cock-fighting, who has elsewhere shown himself to be possessed of such tender sensibility and such kindly, large-hearted geniality.

Still we may find some excuse for him.

It is true that he did at times indulge in abusive personalities, with a reckless disregard as to their applicability: but, before judging him too harshly, the impulsive, erratic temperament of the man should be taken into consideration, and it should be remembered that he was one to whom moderation was absolutely unknown; whose praise and whose blame partook alike of the wildest extravagance; and the horse play of whose raillery was due mainly to an unrestrained exuberance of animal spirits joined to an inability to properly estimate the strength of the blows he was dealing or the amount of pain he was inflicting.

And even his lieutenant, William Maginn, who loved to write a slashing article, did so more for the fun of the



JOHN G. LOCKHART, SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SON-IN-LAW.

During the Lockhart period *Blackwood* was the vehicle for personalities of such revolting coarseness as have never before and never since found a place in a magazine of any authority or standing.

thing than from any personal asperity.

It was a different thing from the venomous malignity which was the actuating motive in the case of Croker, of Gifford, of Lockhart, and of Theodore Hook. Still, after all allowances are made, it is impossible at this day to read some of the abusive passages in the "Noctes" without a flush of indignation. It is not pleasant, for instance, to find Hazlitt characterized as a "loathsome dunce," or Leigh Hunt described as "holding his stinking breath;" to see

the Rev. C. Colton, author of "Lacon," portrayed as "a clergyman and bankrupt wine merchant, an E. O. player, dicer," etc.; Lord Brougham compared with a Billingsgate fishwife; the philanthropist Martin referred to as "that Irish jackass;" the then venerable Jeremy Bentham talked of as "Covey Sherry the old shrew;" Northcote the painter

described as "a wasp;" William Cobbett as "the old ruffian;" Henry Coleridge as "a conceited manikin;" and the political economist McCulloch as "an obscure and insolent lout" and "an infuriated blackguard." Neither is it agreeable to learn of a certain writer in the *Times*, that he was not only "a liar," but a "mean eunuch."

It was overstepping the amenities of criticism to call Mr. T. B. Macaulay "an insolent puppy," and it was ludicrously inappropriate to add that he was "one of the most obscure men of the age," at a time when his brilliant contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were attracting such attention as had never before been accorded to periodical literature. The facts that Macaulay was a Whig and Southey a Tory were not sufficient reason for

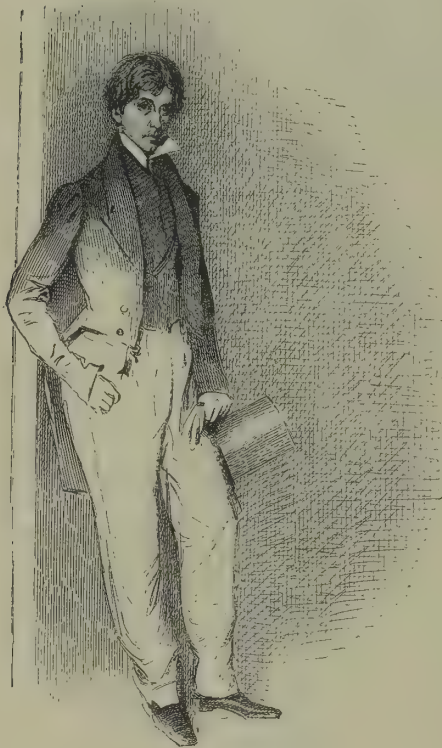
calling his review of the latter's "Colloquies on Society" "a contemptible critique," written "in an insolent spirit." Nor is the following a fair criticism of the Byron article: "It reads very like a paper in one of the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*—much the same sort of excellencies—the smart, rapid, popgun impertinence; the brisk, airy, new-set truisms, mingled with cold, shallow, heartless sophistries; the conceited phlegm, the affected abruptness, the unconscious audacity of impudence; the whole lively and amusing, and much commended among the dowagers, especially the smut." A writer's personal appearance is hardly fair game for animadversion, especially when the animadversion takes the form of describing him as "an ugly, cross-made, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a mouth from ear to ear."

All this is bad enough, but it is mildness itself when compared to the torrent of filthy Billingsgate which disgraced the earlier numbers of "Maga" before John Wilson had assumed full control of the editorial reins, and when Lockhart was in reality the presiding genius, though Blackwood himself was the nominal editor. Indeed, it should be remembered to Wilson's credit that the withdrawal of Lockhart to the congenial field afforded by the *London Quarterly*, and the consequent increase of the Wilson influence, was the signal for an almost immediate alteration in the tone of the magazine, which, however far from perfection, was a distinct and marked improvement. During the Lockhart period, *Blackwood* was the vehicle for personalities of such revolting coarseness as have never before and never since found a place in a magazine of any authority or standing. The writers of "The Cockney School," by which facetious epithet these critics designated such men as Lamb, Keats,

Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, were the objects of their special fury, and against them they directed all the resources of their foul vocabulary.

"Our hatred and contempt of Mr. Leigh Hunt," they explained in one place, "is not so much owing to his shameless irreverence to his aged and afflicted king; to his profligate attacks on the character of the king's sons; to his low-born insolence to that aristocracy with whom he would in vain claim the alliance of one illustrious friendship; to his paid panderism to the vilest passions of that mob of which he is himself a firebrand; to the leprous crust of self-conceit with which his whole moral being is indurated; to that loathsome vulgarity which constantly clings round him like a vermined garment from St. Giles's; to that irritable temper which keeps the unhappy man, in spite even of his vanity, in a perpetual fret with himself and all the world besides, and that shows itself equally in his deadly enmities and capricious friendships;—our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt, we say, is not so much owing to these and other causes as to the odious and unnatural harlotry of his polluted muse. We were the first to brand with a burning iron the false face of this kept mistress of a demoralizing incendiary. We tore off her gaudy veil and transparent drapery, and exhibited the painted cheeks and writhing limbs of the prostitute."

Imagine the *Atlantic Monthly* talking of Mr. Stedman in this strain, or Mr. Gilder using the pages of the *Century* to



LEIGH HUNT.

"Our hatred and contempt of Mr. Leigh Hunt is not so much owing to his shameless irreverence to his aged and afflicted king [George III.], to his profligate attacks on the character of the king's sons," etc.—*Blackwood*.

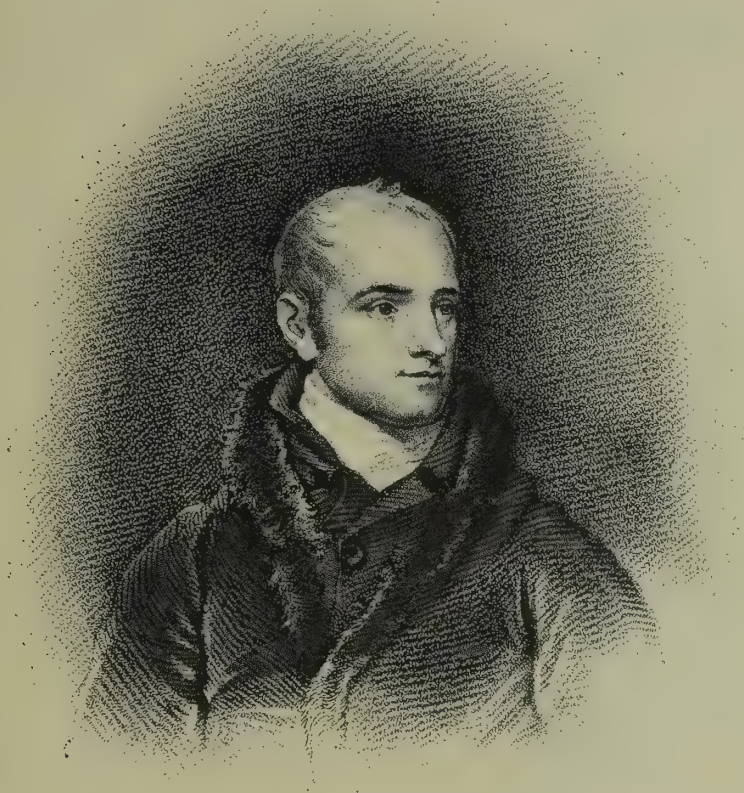


WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"A mere ulcer; a sore from head to foot; a poor devil so completely played that there is not a square half-inch of healthy flesh on his carcass; an overgrown pimple, sore to the touch."—*Blackwood*.

pour out scurrility of this sort upon some rival author who differed with him in politics!

Elsewhere we are told that Mr. Hunt "is the meanest, the filthiest, and the most vulgar of Cockney poetasters." He is apostrophized as "You exquisite idiot!" "Sensualist that you are!" He is informed that "Even in those



JOHN WILSON CROKER.

On one occasion, after Croker had been most hospitably entertained for some days at Sir Robert Peel's house, where all his infirmities of deafness and bad health had been ministered to with the utmost kindness, he went home to cut up his host in a slashing review.

scenes of wickedness, where alone, unhappy man, your verses find willing readers, there occur many moments of languor and remorse wherein the daughters of degradation themselves toss from their hands, with angry loathing, the obscene and traitorous pages of your 'Rimini.' In those who have sinned from weakness or levity, the spark of original conscience is not always totally extinguished. To your breast alone, and to those of others like you, the deliberate, pensive, and sentimental apostles of profligacy, there comes no visiting of purity, no drop of repentance."

And what does the reader think of the rabid spitefulness of this sentence: "Here the odious Cockney again stops short, and finishes his picture, which seems painted by a eunuch, with a parenthesis manifestly written by a fool;" or the lumbering clumsiness of this attempt at smartness: "Mr. Hunt, who to the prating pertness of the parrot, the chattering impudence of the magpie, to say nothing of the mowling malice of the monkey, adds the hissiness of the bill-pouting gander, and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock, to say nothing of the forward valor of the brock or badger," etc.

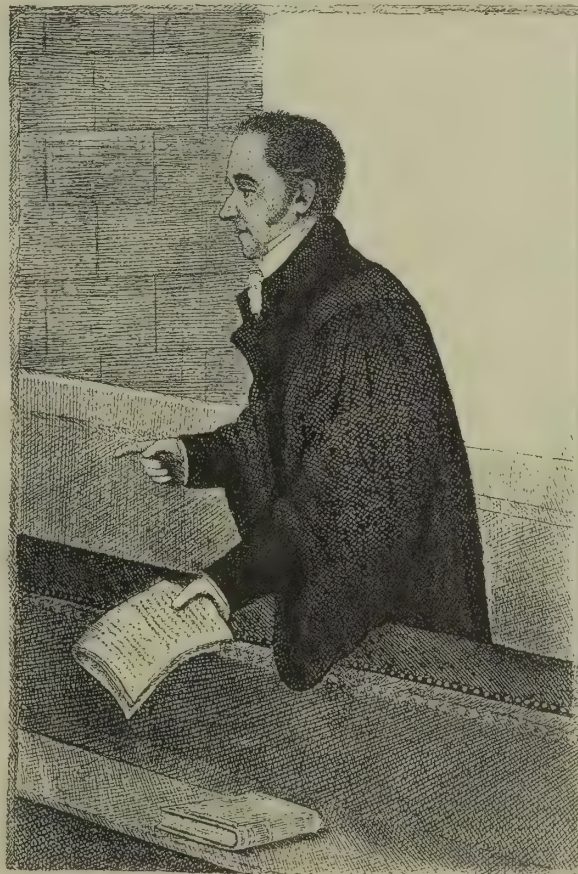
Mr. Hazlitt, on the same authority, is "a mere ulcer; a sore from head to foot; a poor devil so completely flayed that there is not a square half-inch of healthy flesh on his carcass; an overgrown pimple, sore to the touch." "He feels that he is exiled from decent society," and "has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the press-gang; reporters fight shy, and the editors of Sunday newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach." His works are "a vocabulary of vapid pollution," and his "dirty imagination is always plunging into some dirty scrape."

Now let us turn to the *Quarterly Review*, and we will find that, although its blackguardism is not perhaps quite up to the early *Blackwood* standard, it has nevertheless managed to reach a goodly elevation of its own; and that, on the other hand, the number of great names which the *Quarterly* has attempted to damn into oblivion is larger

than can be found on the records of any other periodical of similar standing.

All of Hazlitt's critical works, which for justness of thought, depth of research, and lucid clearness of expression, certainly occupy the highest position of any writer in his generation, were attacked with the utmost virulence as fast as they came out. Because the author differed in politics from the reviewers, they strove, and not unsuccessfully, to obscure his literary reputation in the eyes of his readers. Hazlitt himself tells us that the sale of his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," which had reached nearly a thousand copies in a few weeks, was instantly stopped by the appearance of a "slashing" critique in the *Quarterly*. "Not even the Whigs," he complains, "could stomach it." And yet one would have thought that the dullest public might have discerned the rancorous spite which had alone dictated the article. Here is the concluding sentence: "We should not have condescended to notice the senseless and wicked sophistry of this writer, or to point it out to the contempt of the reader, had we not considered him as one of the representatives of a class of men by whom literature is more than at any former period disgraced, and therefore convinced that it might not be unprofitable to show how very small a portion of talent and literature were necessary for carrying on the trade of sedition. The few specimens which we have selected of his ethics and his criticisms are more than sufficient to prove that Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakespeare and the English language is exactly on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding."

Whatever literary faults Hazlitt may have been possessed of, an inability to give a clear and forcible utterance to his thoughts was certainly not among them; and yet we have this same critic complaining that in his "Lectures on the English Poets" "he seems to think that meaning is a superfluous quality in writing, and that the task of composition



FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY,

Who shaped its [the *Edinburgh Review's*] policy, was at least a gentleman.

is merely an exercise in varying the arrangements of words. . . . He is ever hovering on the limits between sense and nonsense. Upon the whole," the critic sums up, "the greater part of Mr. Hazlitt's book is either completely unintelligible, or exhibits only faint and dubious glimpses of meaning; and the little portion of it that may be under-

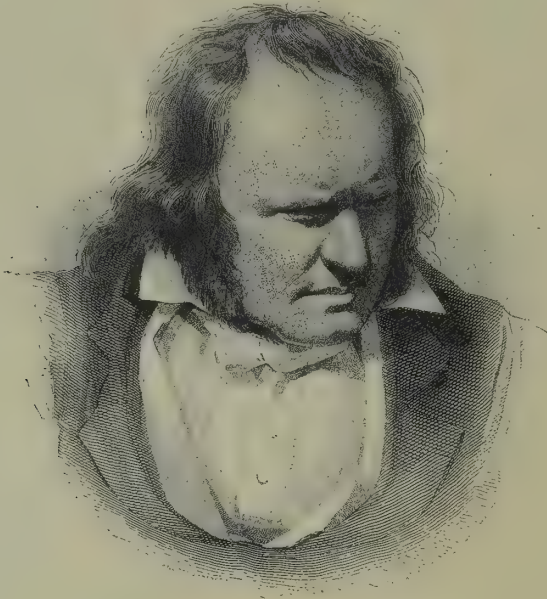
just possible to pity more than despise." The reviewer thinks it much too bad that "the glorious though melancholy memory" of Byron

"Must also bear the vile attacks
Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks"

whom he fed; that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose "to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind could wish to respect, without polluting it."

Reviewing Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," the *Quarterly* critic remarks that, with minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, anything, is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will still make one more, at whatever risk, and they end commonly like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients till, in an unlucky moment, they take fire and he is blown up by the explosion. "The poem has some beautiful stanzas, but they are of rare occurrence; as a whole, it is insupportably dull and laboriously obscure; the story is almost wholly devoid of interest and very meagre; nor can we admire Mr. Shelley's mode of making up for this defect: as he has but one incident where he should have ten, he tells that one so intricately, that it takes the time of ten to comprehend it."

A little farther on, in the same article, the reviewer goes rather out of his way to bestow a passing slap upon his favorite game, Leigh Hunt. Of Mr. Shelley he remarks, "Much may be said with truth, which we not long since said of his friend and leader, Mr. Hunt; he has not, indeed, all that is odious and contemptible in the character of that person; so far as we have seen, he has never exhibited the bustling vulgarity, the ludicrous affectation, the factious



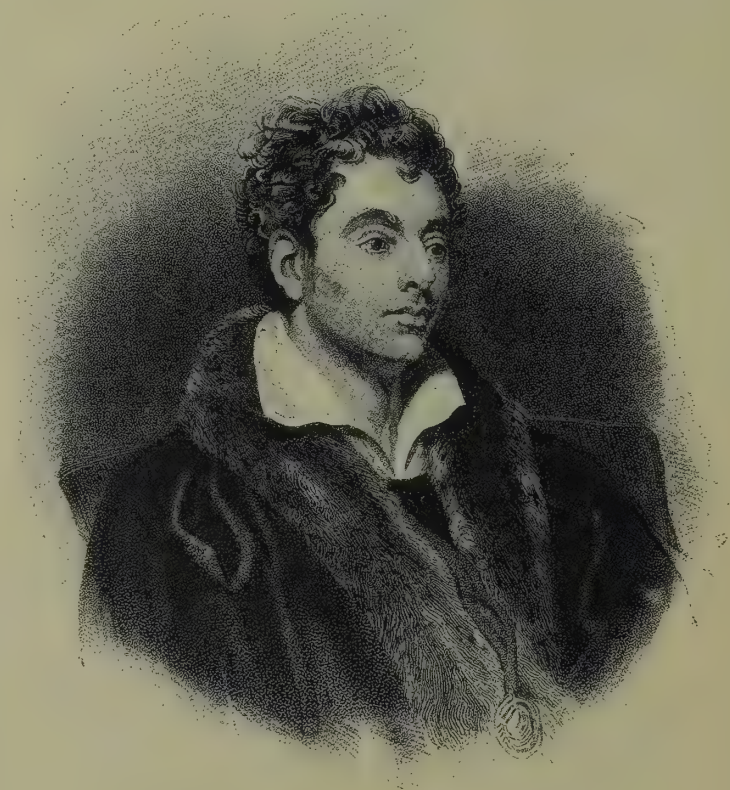
JOHN WILSON.

The jovial professor of moral philosophy and cock-fighting.

stood is not of so much value as to excite regret on account of the vacancy of thought which pervades the rest." The collection of essays entitled "Round Table" is, according to the same authority, "loathsome trash," "full of vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, musty sophistry, broken English, ill humor, and rancorous abuse," the author being a sour Jacobin, who was personally beneath notice; "but if the creature in his endeavor to crawl into the light must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which mark his track, it is right to point him out, that he may be flung back to the situation on which Nature designed that he should grow."

Leigh Hunt is dealt with in a very similar manner. "Mr. Hunt's faults," says the *Quarterly*, noticing the graceful, and certainly quite unexceptionable, little poems, in his "Foliage; or, Poems Original and Translated," "are a total want of taste and of ear for metrical harmony; an indulgence of cant terms to a ridiculous excess; an ignorance of common language; a barbarous and uncouth combination of epithets; an affectation of language and sentiment; and, what is a far more serious charge, though it occurs but seldom, an impurity of both. . . . Mr. Hunt, indeed, is a most pitiable man; and whatever he may think or say of us, we pity him most sincerely. He may slander a few more eminent characters, he may go on to deride venerable and holy institutions, he may stir up more discontent and sedition; but he will have no peace of mind within, he will do none of the good he once hoped to do, nor yet have the bitter satisfaction of doing all the evil he now desires: he will live and die unhonored in his own generation; and, for his own sake it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow."

"Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries," the *Quarterly* considered "the miserable book of a miserable man: the little airy fopperies of its manner are like the fantastic trip and convulsive simpers of some poor worn-out wanton, struggling between famine and remorse, leering through her tears. . . . The most ludicrous conceit, grafted on the most deplorable incapacity, has filled the paltry mind of the gentleman-of-the-press now before us, with a chaos of crude, pert dogmas, which defy all analysis, and which it is



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

. . . That excellent, able, but most narrow-minded man.

flippancy, or the selfish heartlessness, which it is hard for our feelings to treat with the mere contempt they merit. Like him, however, Mr. Shelley is a very vain man; and, like most very vain men, he is but half instructed in knowledge and less than half disciplined in reasoning powers; his vanity, wanting the control of the faith that he derides, has

been his ruin ; it has made him too impatient of applause and distinction to earn them in the fair course of labor ; like a speculator in trade, he would be rich without capital and without delay ; and, as might have been anticipated, his speculations have ended only in disappointments."

Three or four years later, on the publication of the "Prometheus Unbound," the *Quarterly* came out with a critique still more bitter, virulent, and absurd. Then it published the famous article which, on the authority of Shelley and Byron, is popularly supposed to have "snuffed out" that "fiery particle," the soul of young Keats, and followed it up with the equally bitter and equally stupid onslaught upon another and rather stouter-hearted young bard, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, who bravely survived the blow.

Macaulay considers Hallam's "Constitutional History" to be the most impartial book he ever read, and men of every shade of opinion have borne willing evidence to its fair-mindedness ; yet the *Quarterly* reviewer (and in this case it is no less a person than Robert Southey, that excellent, able, but most narrow-minded man) the *Quarterly* reviewer considers it to be "the work of a decided partisan," and that "Mr. Hallam has carried into the history of the past not merely the maxims of his own age as infallible laws by which all former actions are to be tried, but the spirit and feeling of the party to which he has attached himself, its acrimony and its arrogance, its injustice and its ill-temper."

In a notice of the "Pickwick Papers" on their first appearance, in which blame and praise are pretty equally mixed, the reviewer assumes a prophetic strain.

"We are inclined to predict," he says, "of works of this style, both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and somewhat profligate scale) that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by early oblivion." And again: "Indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humor which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal is worked out. . . . The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast. . . . If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick."

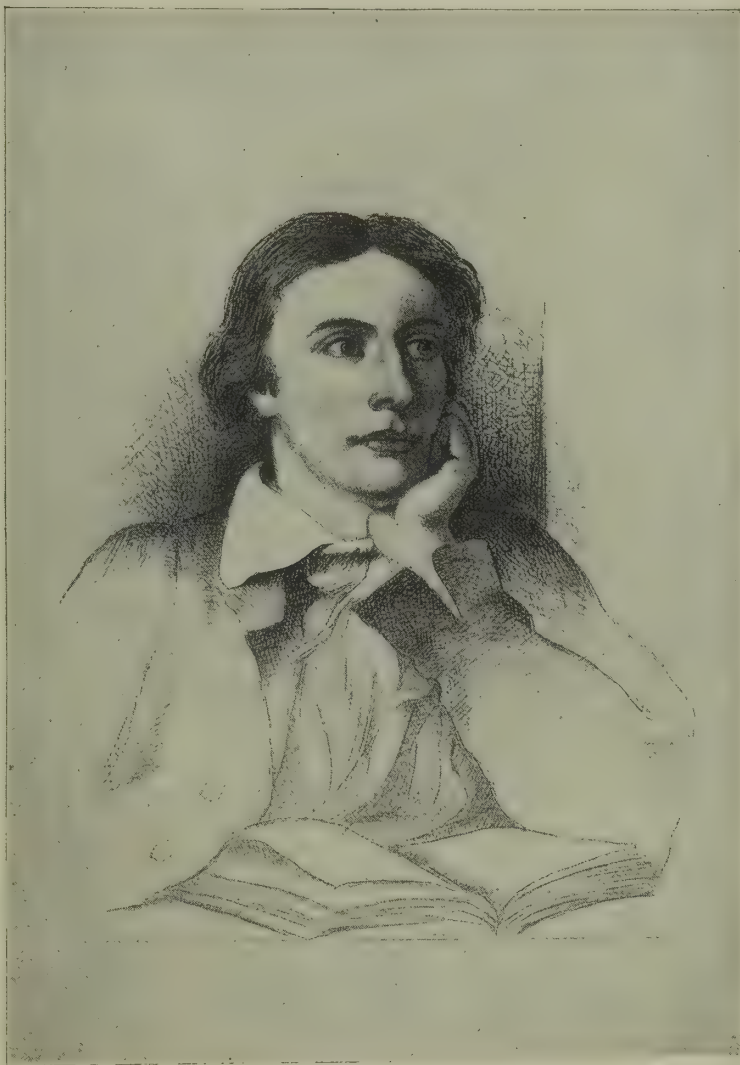
The critic in this case was Lockhart, and Dickens is said to have met him at a dinner-party not long after the appearance of the article, when the person who introduced the pair had the bad taste to make an allusion to the prophecy. The author cordially grasped the critic by the hand and exclaimed, with a sly twinkle in his eye: "I will watch for

that stick, Mr. Lockhart, and when it does come down I will break it across your back."

In Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" we learn how terribly that proud, sensitive spirit was wounded by the coarse innuendoes indulged in by one of the *Quarterly* critics in noticing "Jane Eyre" on its first appearance, of course before the secret of its authorship was divulged. We quote what happens to be about the most offensive paragraph, not merely because it illustrates the liberties which only a generation ago were considered as within the limits of gentlemanly criticism in the intellectual capital of Europe, but because it embodies some curious bits of

the current gossip of the town, when speculation was rife as to the identity of this mysterious Currer Bell who had burst with such sudden brilliance into the literary world.

"There seem to have arisen in the novel-reading world some doubts as to who really wrote this book, and various rumors, more or less romantic, have been current in May Fair, the metropolis of Gossip, as to the authorship. For instance, 'Jane Eyre' is sentimentally assumed to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Thackeray's governess, whom he had himself chosen as his model for Becky, and who, in mingled love and revenge, personified him in return as Mr. Rochester. In this case it is evident that the author of 'Vanity Fair,' whose own pencil makes him gray-haired, has had the best of it, though his children may have had the worst, having at all events succeeded in hitting that vulnerable point in the Becky bosom, which it is our firm belief no man born of woman, from her Soho to her Ostend days, had so much as grazed. To this ingenious rumor the coincidence of the second edition of 'Jane Eyre' being dedicated to Mr.

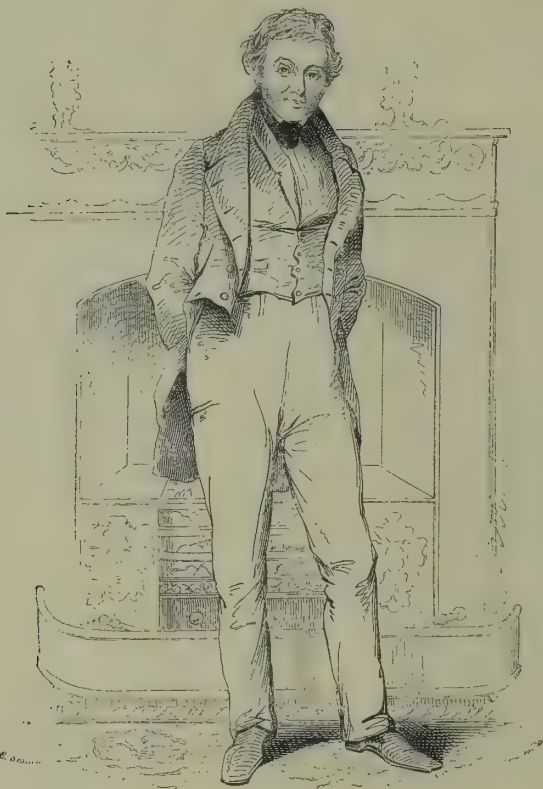


JOHN KEATS.

The author of "Endymion," who was brutally advised by the reviewers to go back to his gallipots.

Thackeray has probably given rise. For our part we see no great interest in the question at all. The first edition of 'Jane Eyre' purports to be edited by Currer Bell, one of a trio of brothers, or sisters, or cousins, by name Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, already known as the joint authors of a volume of poems ; the second edition, the same,—dedicated, however, by the author to Mr. Thackeray,—and the dedication (itself an indubitable *chip* of 'Jane Eyre') signed Currer Bell. Author and editor therefore are one, and we are as much satisfied to accept this double individual under the name of Currer Bell as under any other more or less euphonious. Whoever it be, it is a person who with great mental powers combines a total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste, and a heathenish doctrine of religion. And as these characteristics ap-

pear more or less in the writings of all three, Currer, Ellis, and Acton alike,—for their poems differ less in degree of power than in kind,—we are ready to accept the fact of their identity or of their relationship with equal satisfaction. At all events there can be no interest attached to the writer of 'Wuthering Heights,' a novel succeeding 'Jane Eyre'



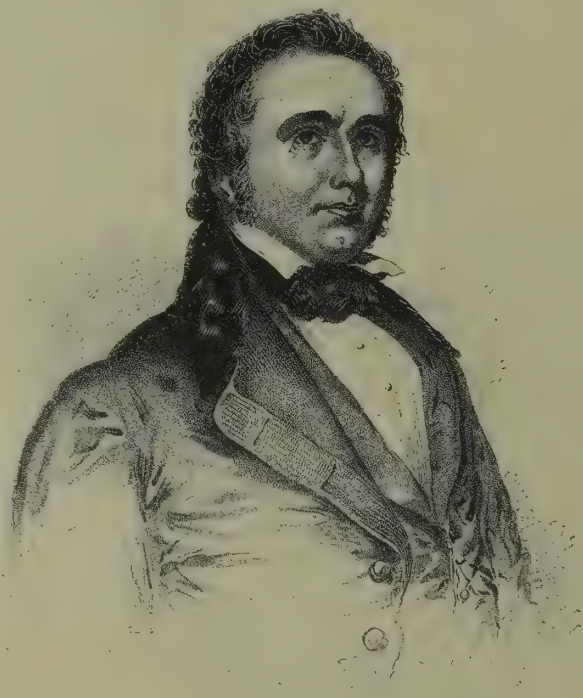
WILLIAM MAGINN, JOHN WILSON'S LIEUTENANT.

and purporting to be written by Ellis Bell, unless it were for the sake of more individual reprobation. For though there is a decided family likeness between the two, yet the aspect of the Jane and Rochester animals in their native state as Catherine and Heathfield, is too odiously and abominably pagan to be palatable even to the most vitiated class of English readers. With all the unscrupulousness of the French school of morals, it combines that repulsive vulgarity in the choice of its vice which supplies its own antidote. The question of authorship, therefore, can deserve a moment's notice only so far as 'Jane Eyre' is concerned; and though we cannot pronounce that it appertains to a real Mr. Currer Bell and to no other, yet that it appertains to a man, and not, as many assert, to a woman, we are strongly inclined to affirm. Without entering into the question whether the power of the writing be above her or the vulgarity below her, there are, we believe, minutiae of circumstantial evidence which at once acquit the feminine hand. No woman—a lady friend whom we are always happy to consult, assures us—makes mistakes in her own *metier*; no woman *trusses game* and garnishes dessert dishes with the same hands, or talks of so doing in the same breath. Above all, no woman attires another in such fancy dresses as Jane's ladies assume—Miss Ingram coming down, irresistible, 'in a morning-robe of sky-blue crape, a gauze azure scarf twisted in her hair.' No lady, we understand, when suddenly roused in the night, would think of hurrying on a frock. They have garments more convenient for such occasions, and more becoming, too. This evidence seems incontrovertible. Even granting that these incongruities were purposely assumed for the purpose of disguising the female pen, there is little gained; for if we ascribe it to a woman at all, there is no alternative but to ascribe it to one who, for some sufficient reason, has forfeited the society of her sex."

For gratuitous wickedness, the insult conveyed in the last sentence of the above quotation cannot be excelled, even in the pages of the *Quarterly* itself.

The predominant impulse, indeed, of the three men who made the *Quarterly* what it was—Gifford, Croker, and Lockhart—appears to have been a morbid desire to give pain. And in order to gratify this instinct, they not only wrote libellous and sarcastic articles themselves, but they interpolated libels and sarcasms into other people's articles, so that the real authors were frequently compelled to demand the republication of their articles in a genuine state and a separate form. With an utter recklessness of the odium incurred, they used to play such mean tricks as to invite the young author of a father's biography to send them early proof-sheets for the benefit of an early review, and then damn the book before it was fairly in the hands of the public; or, in a private intercourse, they would flatter the vanity of some second-rate author, and, drawing him on to open his little heart to them, would then use his confidences as material for a caricature in the next *Quarterly*. On one occasion, after Croker had been most hospitably entertained for some days at Sir Robert Peel's house, where all his infirmities of deafness and bad health had been ministered to with the utmost kindness, he went home to cut up his host in a slashing review. His fellow-guests refused as long as possible to believe that he could be the author of the article, well as they knew him.

Of the *Edinburgh Review* we have said nothing. It made many mistakes. It failed to recognize the budding genius of Byron, and so provoked that unmistakable work of genius, the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It thought that Wordsworth would never do, and had hard words for Goethe. But even gentlemen may make mis-



T. B. MACAULAY.

It was overstepping the amenities of criticism to call Mr. T. B. Macaulay "an insolent puppy," and it was ludicrously inappropriate to add that he was "one of the most obscure men of the age."

takes. And Francis Jeffrey, who shaped its policy, was at least a gentleman, a little narrow-minded, a little prejudiced, and very conventional, as gentlemen are apt to be at times, but always courteous and well-meaning.

By the side of Croker and Lockhart, he shines as an angel of light.



THE SPANISH DANCER.

THERE are two Spanish dancers in New York now. Otero has skipped lightly upon the platform and has announced herself as Carmencita's rival to the death.

Carmencita remains at Koster & Bial's. Some of her admirers feel that their enjoyment of her piquant dancing is increased by the sense that they are doing something



OTERO, CARMENCITA'S RIVAL.

naughty in going to a concert-hall. This is true particularly of the female sex and of church-members.

Otero's little feet twinkle and her supple body twists and sways at the Eden Musée, also in Twenty-third Street, but nearer Broadway. Sixth Avenue lies between the rivals—a significant fact. Like Artemus Ward's, the Eden Musée is a moral show, with nothing to shock, unless it be the Chamber of Horrors in the basement, and even here a good deal of imagination is required to obtain a shock.

When Carmencita became the rage in the concert-hall as well as in private houses, and when her managers began to blossom out with real jewellery, a large demand for Spanish dancers arose. The supply was small. Dancing in Spain is not a profession, it is an inspiration. The gitana dances as the bird sings, and managers find her difficult to trap. Often, too, when she is trapped she loses her art, like the bird in captivity. A Carmencita is a fortunate chance.

The gitanas gather at the village fountain when the day's work is done. They are ragged but happy. Jest and laughter abound. The thrumming of a guitar is heard and the dance begins, no one can tell how. The men and women stand around, cracking their fingers and shouting encouragement. The dance stops as suddenly as it began, and without any more reason. All is natural, nothing is artificial. Put the same peasants into a theatre, and how

long would their simplicity last? About as long as it would take to exchange their many-colored rags for silks, satins, and laces; to replace the purple of their swarthy cheeks by the theatrical make-up.

It is one of Carmencita's charms that she has been able to retain much of her savageness. On looking at her, one perceives the garlic, although she may have abandoned her taste for it.

Otero is very handsome. Her face is of the pure Spanish type; her complexion is the true *morena*, and her hair is jet. Her bearing recalls all that has been written about Andalusian women. Her guileful advance agent is authority for the statement that the naughty King Alfonso pronounced her the most beautiful woman in Spain; but then the agent is not, strictly speaking, a part of the moral show.

Otero has studied under the best masters in Europe. The result, not unnaturally, is that what she has gained in art she has lost in *desenvoltura*. Her grace, delicacy, and finish appeal to the connoisseur, but they do not take one by storm like the wild recklessness of Carmencita.

The performance begins with a scene executed by guitarists and dancing-girls. Then Otero appears *en grande toilette*. She sings a Spanish love-song, or perhaps something lighter that has made a hit in Paris, such as "Ohé, Mamma!" or "La Paloma." One song succeeds another. Otero's voice is pleasing, and has been carefully trained, while her face and her gestures are full of expression.

But it is the dance that people want, not the songs. For this she wears the costume of a Spanish peasant: a short skirt of red and black, a close-fitting waist, a short velvet jacket, and a round black velvet cap. Pink flowers are in her black hair.

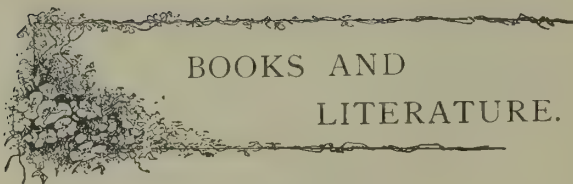
Of her dances, the *jota* is marked by the sensuous grace of the postures. The movement is slow and languid. Hips, feet, neck, and bust sway to and fro, backward and forward, revealing one graceful pose after another, while the outlines of the figure present a succession of curves of beauty.

"*Auda! auda!*" and "*Olle! olle!*" the delighted spectators shout, and as the music of the guitars becomes livelier, the movements of the dancer become quicker. This is another dance; it represents the courting of a maid, and very lively it is. Flowers rain down upon Otero, the Spanish part of the house, particularly, is in raptures, and the applause is deafening as Otero winds up with a low bow, and sweeps backward on the stage.

One more dance. This time we have the *bolero*, and it is here especially that art seems to have interfered with nature to a disadvantage. One misses the fling, the wild energy that is expected in the dance. There is too much of Otero's masters; too little of Otero's self.



HER SUPPLE BODY TWISTS AND SWAYS.



BY WILLIAM S. WALSH.

THE REVIEWER.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE" (Cassell) is an extraordinary mixture of jejune cleverness and folly. It is to be presumed that "Daniel Dane" is the pseudonym for a very young woman. If so, her first venture has promise, if not performance. At the beginning we are introduced to Arnold North, Analyst, and his friend Herbert Reid, R.A. Of the latter we are told that, "in his simple and thoroughly boyish faith" he looked up to Arnold, "as one of the intellectual giants of the world."

Well, why shouldn't he?

Arnold had barely passed his thirtieth year. He was an M.A., B.A., and Ph.D. He had risen "with a rapidity remarkable and unprecedented to the foremost ranks as a professor of chemistry, and now the whole world of science listened when he spoke." Though he had had but little of a physician's practice, there were not half a dozen surgeons in all London who ranked higher than he in their profession. He was a student of all subjects, and knew all that had been written about pretty much everything (the author makes him talk a good deal of platitudinous nonsense in order to prove this). He was a physiognomist who could read the real nature of an individual at a glance. He was a crack rifle-shot. Nor was he wanting in the more graceful accomplishments. He was a skilful musician; the possessor of a pure and melodious baritone. He had an attractive manner and appearance. What was there simple or boyish in worshipping such a paragon as that? Reid was not the only worshipper. There are only three women introduced into the story (two of them married ladies, but this by the way), and all three are in love with Arnold. He moves about in the world as a conqueror.

Furthermore, "his nature was that of an honorable man. From his word, once given, nothing could move him. From anything savoring of deception he had always shrunk with the natural antipathy of a brave man."

Now, will the reader please to believe that this magnificent creature is one of the blackest-hearted scoundrels in all fiction? There is no escape from this conclusion. Here is the record of his life written out in black and white. You can read for yourself.

Let us see how he acts.

His first *affaire du cœur* is with one of the married ladies, Mercedes Worden. He falls in love with her at first sight, and she with him. Being a man of iron determination, he decides at once that he will make her his own. But how? She is quite willing to elope with him when he asks her. Nevertheless she asks (not in these words, but in substance), What will Mrs. Grundy say? He reflects. Mrs. Grundy will undoubtedly say a good many very unpleasant things. Mercedes' father, too, mightn't like it. Altogether, she would have a good deal of discomfort. No; for her sake he will give up the idea of an elopement.

"You have shown me," he says, passionately, but with remarkable irrelevance, "what true nobility there may be in love. I will never look with love upon your face again till I can claim you before the world."

Now he has concocted a nice little scheme that will enable him to claim her. "As he strode away through the darkness he was resolved that Richard Worden should die."

He goes calmly to work. "What was a man's life to shut him out of such a heaven?—a straw, a feather, a breath of wind that he would throw aside without a pang."

One thing only distresses this scrupulous conscience. He finds he cannot kill the husband without accepting an invitation to his house, where the deed can be done neatly and without detection. Now, little things like adultery and murder he doesn't mind. But to take even his enemy's con-

fidence and betray it, seems to him ungentlemanly, and even worse. Being a large-minded man, "he recognized fully the strength of this feeling within him, nor did he seek to lessen it by any attempt at self-deception. He recognized it as a just and proper feeling."

Pause and linger over that sentence. To the Reviewer's mind it is the very quintessence of a grateful and satisfying humor.

But there is no other course for him to pursue. He swallows his scruples, visits Mr. Worden, and takes an early opportunity to poison him.

His well-laid plans go all aglee. The other married lady is desperately in love with him, and she too tries a little amateur murder on her own account, and so gets her rival out of the way. Then the murderer and murderess elope together. Fertile of resources, he has imagined a most delightful revenge. He wires an anonymous message to the husband:

"Seek your wife and her lover at the Hôtel de Russie, Paris."

Then of course there is a scene!

Now through all these various atrocities the authoress preserves a calm and unruffled front. We say authoress confidently, because only a woman can write in this cool way of crime. To be sure she lets us see that she doesn't quite like the murderess (another revelation of femininity), but the murderer is evidently her ideal. One almost feels inclined to echo the jeremiads of the society reporter, and wonder what our women are coming to.

But after all there is only one Daniel Dane. And she may reform as she grows older and wiser.

THE TATLER.

In our last week's issue mention was made of the fact that Dion Boucicault made his first appearance as an actor in his own play of "The Vampire." This play was an adaptation from the French of Charles Nodier. And thereby hangs a tale, and a very curious one. It takes us all the way back to the summer of 1816, when Lord Byron was a neighbor of the Shelleys on Lake Geneva. Dr. John W. Polidori, an Anglo-Italian, was living with him as his physician. During a period of prolonged rains Byron and the Shelleys amused their leisure by reading German ghost stories. Finally they agreed to write something in imitation of them. Byron rapidly outlined the plot of a story to be called "The Vampire." But he only wrote out a few pages, which may be found in Moore's Life. Shelley was even more delinquent; he never set pen to paper at all. But Mrs. Shelley persevered. Day after day, however, the plot that she wanted eluded her. She could think of nothing sufficiently uncanny. One evening she sat and listened to a metaphysical conversation between Shelley and Byron. The train of thought so started haunted her even in sleep. Next morning the story of "Frankenstein" was outlined in her brain, and she rapidly wrote it down.

In April, 1819, the *New Monthly Magazine* published "The Vampire," a Tale by the Right Hon. Lord Byron. It was dismal trash, but it created a sensation. Byron, who was then in Venice, denounced it as a forgery in *Galignani's Messenger*. In the May number of the *New Monthly* Polidori wrote to acknowledge that the tale "in its present form" was not Lord Byron's. He had been present, it seems, at the time when Byron was outlining his plot to the Shelleys. And he goes on ingenuously to explain that "the fact is, that though the *groundwork* is certainly Lord Byron's, its development is mine, produced at the request of a lady who denied the possibility of anything being drawn from the materials which Lord Byron had said he intended to have employed in the formation of his ghost story." But it is a fine example of the irony of fate that "The Vampire" was republished in France, and the enthusiasm it awakened there first drew wide attention to the genius of Lord Byron. Charles Nodier dramatized the story under the title of "*Le Vampire*," and it was produced in 1820. On August 9th of the same year, an adaptation of the French play by Planché was brought out with considerable success at the English Opera House. It was a new adaptation of his own in which Boucicault made his appearance.

As the romance of "The Vampire" is a sort of literary

curiosity, it might be interesting to give an abstract of the plot.

Lord Ruthven, who is grand, gloomy, and peculiar after the approved Byronic fashion, meets a young and romantic gentleman named Aubrey, who, attracted by Ruthven's eccentricities, joins him in a trip abroad. Charitable to the spendthrift, and wasteful but harsh to the unfortunate, Ruthven never leaves a place without ruining some one in purse or reputation. Aubrey falls in love with a beautiful Greek girl named Ianthe. One day he starts out on an excursion, but is warned by Ianthe not to return by night, as the road is infested by vampires. He disregards the warning, but, caught in a storm, he forces an entry into a hovel whence issue a woman's shrieks almost drowned in demoniac laughter. He is hurled down by an unknown force. Meanwhile Ianthe is missed by her friends. A search-party is organized, they reach the hovel, find Aubrey lying there transfixed and motionless, and, further on, the dead body of Ianthe, with the marks of teeth on her throat. Ruthven nurses Aubrey through a severe illness, and is himself shot by a bandit. Before his death he makes Aubrey swear that he will never reveal his fate. His body disappears, and Aubrey returns to England, where later he meets the resuscitated Ruthven at a drawing-room. Aubrey's sister becomes infatuated with Ruthven, and marries him in spite of all her brother's efforts to prevent it. Ruthven succeeds in keeping him in durance until the ceremony is performed, and in Aubrey's anxiety he bursts a blood-vessel and dies, first warning his sister's guardian and telling him the facts. The guardian goes in pursuit of the couple, but Ruthven has disappeared, and Miss Aubrey, presumably dead, has glutted the thirst of the vampire.

The vampire legends, still common in the Levant, in Hungary, and in Greece, seem to have impressed Byron very strongly, and in his poem of "The Giaour" he refers to them in these lines :

"Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell !
But first on earth as Vampire sent
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent,
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race !"

IN the world of fiction a good title is half the battle. It is interesting to note how frequently Shakespeare has been laid under contribution to furnish something apt and striking. Probably one-half of Mr. Howells's titles have been quarried from this mine. "A Hazard of New Fortunes" is from "King John." "Hamlet" has furnished "The Shadow of a Dream," "The Undiscovered Country," and "A Counterfeit Presentment." "A Woman's Reason" comes from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." "A Foregone Conclusion," which was originally announced under the title of "A Forlorn Hope," comes from "Othello ;" "A Modern Instance" from "As You Like It," and "A Sea Change" (the comic operetta which was expected to rival Gilbert, but was withdrawn after a private rehearsal) from "The Tempest." Edgar Fawcett again found "The Evil That Men Do" in "Julius Cæsar." "Othello" has proved a fruitful source of supply. It was there that Rhoda Broughton took "Not Wisely, but too Well," and Rice and Besant, "The Seamy Side." "Hamlet" supplied Mrs. Oliphant with "The Primrose Path," and Mrs. Alexander with "Her Dearest Foe." In Harry Hotspur's reservation in "Henry IV," A. S. Hardy found his piquant title, "But Yet a Woman." The "table-talk" of Jessica and Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice" has served Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and many another besides, and Shylock's passionate cry in the same play, "My Ducats and my Daughter," has been caught up for titular purposes by a novelist. Katherine King in "The Bubble Reputation," and Thomas Hardy in "Under the Greenwood Tree," availed themselves of passages in "As You Like It."

MISS MENÉ MURIEL DOWIE, a young lady who lectured the other day before the British Association, captured all the members, including the graybeards and the baldheads. Her subject was "Some Notes on a Journey in the Carpathians." It was a hard journey, and she had made it herself, mainly on horseback and in knickerbockers. She is young, pretty, and of unbounded vivacity. Her sallies set the ven-

erable bigwigs in a roar. She concluded thus: "When that inevitable war with Russia comes, I want to be the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, and if the *Daily News* won't have me, I shall be a *vivandière* and write for the *Pall Mall*."

Roars of laughter and wild cheers greeted this remark. When she retired from the platform there was such a scene as had never before been witnessed in that staid and respectable body. President, vice-president, secretaries, and other officials crowded round the young girl to congratulate her. Salvos of applause were fired from all the corners of the room. It was ten minutes before the excitement came to an end.

But alas for Miss Dowie! She can never be a *vivandière*.

For the *vivandière* has just been formally abolished by law.

The *vivandière* or *cantinière* (canteen woman), whom the French armies retained long after a similar feature had been dropped out of all other armies, travelled with the soldiers during a campaign, was present on the field of battle, and ministered with her little wooden keg, slung at her side, and her tin cup to the thirst of the wounded and dying. But now even in France this picturesque character is no more. The last and for several years the only survivor, Madame Vialar, has just been retired by order of the minister of war. She will have no successors.

WE were speaking the other day of typographical mistakes and the queer readings that frequently resulted from the accidental mixing up of irrelevant paragraphs in newspapers. Here is a specimen, culled from the first edition of the New York *Evening Post* of September 22d, which is as humorous as anything we cited: "Hawthorne was reluctant to write the book ['Life of Pierce'], and he was quite as reluctant, we cannot but believe, to apply for office, or for retention in office, by the customary channels. His political servitude for bread must have always been repugnant; but Government did the best it could for him under the spoils system, his friends unsupported by the passages which they were brought to elucidate. He was the first of Pope's hostile editors, and although he ranked him 'next to Milton and just above Dryden' (a judgment the reverse of Johnson's), he labored in his 'essay' (which Mr. Lowell calls 'the earliest public and official declaration of war against the reigning mode') to demonstrate that the largest portion of Pope's works is 'not of the most poetic species of poetry.' This not very happy remark Mr. Courthope calls a remarkable fallacy, which 'has been adopted by all enemies of Pope from that day to this, and is, indeed, the source of most of the confusion of thought which has obscured the controversies respecting his poetical merits.'"

And so on to the end. A review of Conway's "Life of Hawthorne" had somehow got mixed up with Courthope's "Pope," and the result was a literary curiosity that is worth conserving.

The mistake was discovered at once, apparently. At all events, it was rectified in the last edition.

THAT was a curious coincidence of names in the newspaper heading the other day. "Orr Close to Browning" it read. Now, Mrs. Sutherland Orr is well known to be one of the ablest exponents of Robert Browning's poetry, and at first blush one would naturally suppose that here was an article throwing new light on the personal and mental relations of oracle and expounder. But the very next line proved this supposition false: "Only One Point Separates Them for the Batting Premiership." Messrs. Orr and Browning, it appears, are gentlemen of large fame as baseballists, and are having an exceedingly close race for the honor of leading in the batting averages of the season. Good luck to them both!

THE other day I heard one literary gentleman characterize another with more epigrammatic nicety, let us trust, than truth. "So-and-so," said this gentleman, mentioning a prominent author whom I had been praising in my well-meaning but ignorant way—"So-and-so is a most extraordinary man." I had not expected assent, so I pricked up my ears in astonishment. "You may ask him a question on any subject, no matter how recondite or abstruse, and he will tell you exactly where to get information on the subject,

with the minutest particularity of detail, as, for instance, in 'Brown's Encyclopædia,' third edition, twelfth volume, seven hundred and fiftieth page, and tenth line from the top. You will take down these items in your note-book, and hurry off to the library. There you will find that not Brown's but Brownson's is the right name of the encyclopædia, that it never ran to a third edition, that there are only ten volumes, that each volume is complete within five hundred pages, and that throughout the length and breadth of the work there is not a single reference to the subject you are in search of."

JUST at present there seems to be quite a theatrical run on priests and their oaths. In "The English Rose" a priest refuses to break his vow—to great applause; while in another play, Mr. Beerbohm Tree—to even greater applause—resolves to disregard his oath. In the play of "Judah," which Mr. Willard brings over from England to this country, the Rev. Judah Llewellyn deliberately perjures himself to shield a fasting girl, but suffers torments of conscience which the audience accepts as full reparation for the sin.

This is not a startling innovation, however. The lie that is more or less applauded is an old trick of literature. More or less direct commendations of pious frauds abound in the classics. Thus Æschylus: "God is not averse to deceit in a holy cause" (Trag. Incert. ii.); Euripides: "To commit a noble deed of treachery in a just cause" (Helen, 1633); Cicero: "Mentiri gloriose;" and Horace in the still more famous phrase:

"Splendide mendax et in omne virgo,
Nobilis ævum."

Horace's lines refer to Hypermnestra. Her father, Danaus, hearing from an oracle that he would be slain by his son-in-law, made his fifty daughters promise that they would slay their bridegrooms, the fifty sons of Egyptos. Hypermnestra alone broke her vow; she was imprisoned, but the people declared her innocent.

Very similar are Tasso's lines in "Jerusalem Delivered" (ii. 22):

"Magnanima menzogna, or quando è il vero
Si bello che si possa ate preporre;"

which may be Englished thus:

"Oh, noble lie! was ever truth so good?
Blest be the lips that such a leasing told."

The laudatory reference is to a lie told by Sophronia. The Saracen king, acting on a renegade Christian's advice, had transferred a statue of the Virgin Mary, which was what we would now call a mascot, from a church to the mosque. Next day the statue disappeared, and the king threatened to kill all the Christians unless the culprit were found. Thereupon Sophronia, a virgin, falsely declared that she was guilty, and gave herself up to execution.

In the Talmud is a curious story which has its variants in many legends of the mediæval saints. The Roman government had forbidden the wearing of phylacteries on pain of death. Nevertheless, the Rabbi Eliseus continued to wear one. Hearing that a lictor had been sent to arrest him, he hastily unbound it and concealed it in his hand. "What have you in your hand?" asked the lictor. "I have the wings of a dove," answered Eliseus, and lo! when the lictor insisted on his opening his hand, the wings of a dove were actually found therein. This, it will be seen, is substantially the same story as that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who was charitable against her husband's wish, and meeting him when her apron was filled with bread for the poor, declared, on inquiry, that it contained roses. He insisted on examining it, and the loaves were miraculously changed to roses.

A very touching lie is that of Desdemona ("Othello," act v., scene 2), who, when Emilia cries

"Oh, who hath done this deed?"

answers from her couch:

"Nobody; I myself.
Commend me to my kind lord,"

and dies.

In modern literature a famous lie is that of Sister Sulpice

in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." When Jean Valjean is arrested she saves him by the one falsehood of her life:

"No," she says, unflinchingly, "I do not recognize him," and the author, perhaps remembering Uncle Toby and the Recording Angel, says sententiously: "Holy Virgin! this will be remembered in heaven."

This episode has been followed very closely by the authors of "The Two Orphans." In the scene at the Salpêtrière, the Sœur Genevieve brings down the house by a similar subterfuge which renders liberty to the innocent Henriette:

"It is my first falsehood," murmurs Sœur Genevieve.

"And it will be counted to your credit, there above, as a work of charity," says Henriette, softly.

In Mrs. Gaskell's novel of "North and South," and in Miss Proctor's "Milly's Expiation," the heroines, both true and noble women, tell a lie in court to save their lovers from death. Poor Madame Delphine, in Cable's novelette, is a quadron; consequently, her daughter cannot legally marry a white man. But the old lady swears Olive is not her daughter, and dies at the confessional acknowledging her lie, on the eve of the girl's marriage. Thackeray's Little Sister, though she knows that she was legally married to Philip's father, denies it in order that Philip may not be deprived of his inheritance.

On the other hand, Jeanie Deans, in the "Heart of Midlothian," refuses to bear false witness in her sister's favor, despite the entreaties of her family and the agony it costs her to tell the truth.

THE QUERIST.

ERNEST.—The pouring of a little wine first into the host's glass is continued to-day merely as a precaution against possible dust or shreds of cork being offered to a guest. In Italy a more obvious reason exists. Sweet oil is there poured before corking into the neck of a wine flask, where it floats above the wine and excludes the air. The first mouthful of wine, after the oil is removed, may therefore still have some lingering oleaginous flavor, and consequently is taken, as a matter of courtesy, by the host. Yet there may also be some reminiscence here of the custom among the Greeks and Romans for the host at entertainments to pour a small quantity of wine upon the floor as a sort of propitiation to the gods—a practice somewhat equivalent to our grace before meat.

R. M. O'N.—The phrase, "The under dog in the fight," seems to be a modern one, and may have been derived from the once well-known song by David Barker, which ran as follows:

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it incog.;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the under dog!

The song, it will be seen, though excellent in sentiment, is hardly what you would call a poetical gem. Yet it is worth saving as a curiosity and as the presumable original of a common phrase. Of course the song *might* have been written to fit the phrase. An edition, by the way, of Mr. Barker's poems was published in 1876 by Samuel S. Smith & Son, of Bangor, Me.



GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.



By EDMUND C. STANTON.



Metropolitan Opera House is the seventh regular season of German Opera, and every year the company has been remodelled and strengthened.

A TRIP to Europe is usually regarded as a pleasant thing, but it is not so by any means when you are in search of operatic novelties.

Americans are fickle—they want novelty in everything, even in opera, and the impressario must provide it. In Europe artists are engaged for years in one opera house, and many celebrated singers have life contracts in the larger cities, such as Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden; but how long could such a state of things last in New York, where a company has to be reorganized every season?

This thirst for novelty has its disadvantages for the director, who has to select the new artists, and new operas to fit his company, but perhaps it is better for the public. The coming season at the



MINNIE HAUK WARTEGG, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA, WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE IN EIGHT FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

This year the following artists will appear: Frau Antonia Mielke, who was the leading dramatic soprano in Cologne. Frau Pauline Schöler Haag, from Munich, who sings lyric as well as dramatic parts. Frau Ritter Götze will be the leading contralto, as she has been at Hamburg for the past three years. Fräulein Marie Jahn is engaged from Dresden for youthful dramatic parts, Fräulein Jennie Broch, and Fräulein Olga Islar for lyric sopranos. Fräulein

Charlotte Huhn, contralto, who met with such success last season will return as will Herr Fischer, and Herr Behrene, and I have also reengaged the barytone Herr Theodore Reichmann.



FRÄULEIN CHARLOTTE HUHN, THE CONTRALTO, WHO MET WITH SUCH SUCCESS LAST SEASON.

Among the men the new-comers are Herr Heinrich Gudehaus, the celebrated tenor, who has sung for a number of years at Dresden and Berlin. At Bayreuth his rendering of Parsifal created great interest and won for him a world-



FRÄULEIN HANNAH ROTHE, WHO WILL MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE AS AN OPERATIC SINGER ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE THIS SEASON.

wide reputation. Herr Andreas Dippel will appear as leading lyric tenor, which position he has filled for the past three years at Bremen. Herr A. von Hübner, leading tenor at Cassel, and Herr Edmund Muller of Frankfort, have en-



A. VON HÜBNER, TENOR.



FRÄULEIN JENNIE BROCH, LYRIC SOPRANO.

gaged with me for the coming season. Herr Juan Luria, first barytone from Stuttgart, and Herr Bruno Lurgenstein, basso, from Dresden, will appear. Madame Minnie Hauk, the American prima donna, has also signed a contract with me to appear at the Opera House this winter in a series of eight farewell performances, when "Carmen," "Taming of

the Shrew," and other operas that Madame Hauk has won such great success in, will be revived.

Of the artists engaged I prefer to say nothing, as they are nearly all strangers to New York, and so I would rather let the public form their own opinion, and I think I shall be perfectly satisfied with their verdict.



FRÄULEIN MARIE JAHN, DRAMATIC SOPRANO.



ANDREAS DIPPEL, LYRIC TENOR.



FRAU ANTONIA MIELKE, LEADING DRAMATIC SOPRANO, AS ISOLDE.



HEINRICH GUDEHAUS, WHOSE RENDERING OF PARSIFAL WON FOR HIM A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.



JUAN LURIA, FIRST BARYTONE, FROM STUTTGART.



FRAU MARIE RITTER GÖTZE, LEADING CONTRALTO.

ARTISTS ENGAGED FOR THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN, NEW YORK CITY.

The new works which attracted me most, and are to be produced this winter, are, "Asrael," by Franchetti, "Vassal of Szigeth," by Smareglia, "Le Roi d'Ys," by Lalo, "Diana of Soulange," by Ernest II., Duke of Coburg Gotha, and Massenet's latest opera, "Le Mage," which is only just finished, and which will be produced here at the same time as its first representation in Paris. "Asrael" is a beautiful opera, with a strong dramatic plot, and I think will meet with great success here.

It is an interesting fact that opera in Paris, where they are enabled to make long contracts with artists, and are under no expense for gas or taxes, costs very nearly as much as it costs here per performance, where we can only have a short season. Opera is a luxury, but if any one only thought the matter out, they would be surprised how much good it does among the poorer classes, as it gives a great number of people employment. There are about five hundred and fifty people employed at the Opera House during the season, and in addition there are numberless tradesmen, and even merchants, that profit by our annual season of opera.

It is no easy matter to discriminate in the engaging of new artists, and very hard work travelling around giving artists a hearing. In one hour in Vienna I heard twenty different people sing, and in all my experience I cannot recall a single case where the artists I was about to hear did not preface their performance, by telling me that for some reason or other they were not in good voice just then. Often I have travelled all day only to arrive in a town just in time to hear a certain opera or singer, and have left immediately afterward by a midnight train.



FRAÜLEIN OLGA ISLAR, LYRIC SOPRANO.

Operatic artists are not the easiest people in the world to get along with, and many are the amusing incidents that happen in one's endeavor to do so. During the first season at the Opera House, my leading barytone came to me one night just as the performance was about to begin, and wished to have his contract cancelled. I endeavored to find out the reason, and after some time he told me it was because the shirt-collar of the costume he was to wear was

too tight. Another time an artist refused to sing, as she said she was indisposed. According to my rule I sent the doctor to her to certify to the indisposition, but he failed to find any reason for her refusal. It was only when the doctor made his return visit accompanied by a lawyer, that the lady finally consented to appear. Often an artist is taken ill at eleven o'clock in the morning, and it is six o'clock in the evening before arrangements can be effected



THEODORE REICHMANN, BARYTONE.

or even the opera decided upon for the evening performance.

I find that American audiences are more critical than any other the world over. This I attribute to the fact that they travel so much. Take, for instance, a man that lives in Berlin; he seldom even goes to Vienna, rarely to Paris, and never to London. Most Americans, however, go to all these places, and they possess the happy faculty of only remembering the best things they have seen in each place. I was talking with Charles Gounod, the composer, while in Paris regarding the progress that had been made in musical matters during the past few years, and the advanced taste of our public of the present day when he remarked: "The fact is that the stomach of the musical ear has absorbed so much absinthe that it cannot get back to plain Bordeaux."

An amusing experience I had in Vienna was as follows: At the opera one night I picked out eight dancers whose salary was but six hundred florins per annum, and told my stage manager who accompanied me to see if he could engage them for my company; accordingly he proceeded to do so, and after an absence of three days, returned and reported to me that he had called at Fraulein ——'s residence, but she had not returned from her country house, and he had also been to see Fraulein ——, who resided in a prominent apartment on the first floor, but she was just going out for her afternoon drive, and could not wait to talk with him. The others were all much the same, so I told him to write and tell them I could offer them much better salaries in New York, but I could not guarantee their perquisites.



EMIL FISCHER AS HANS SACHS, IN "THE MEISTERSINGER."



FRAU SCHÖLER HAAG, LYRIC AND DRAMATIC SOPRANO.



FRÄULEIN MARTHA IRMLER, FIRST DANCER.



HEINRICH GUDEHAUS AS TANNHÄUSER.

ARTISTS ENGAGED FOR THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN, NEW YORK CITY.



"MY GOD! MY GOD!" SHE CRIED, AS SHE FELL AT HIS FEET. "THEY HAVE GIVEN ME YOUR EYES, AND YOU HAVE TAKEN MINE. FOR ME YOU HAVE SACRIFICED THE LIGHT OF LIFE. OH, GOD FORGIVE THOSE WHOSE AMBITION OR GREED OF GOLD HAS DONE THIS THING. LIFE WAS NOT WORTH—" THERE WAS THEN BUT SILENCE.—*With Each Other's Eyes, Chap. V.*

With Each Other's Eyes:

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

By R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

(Illustrated by G. S. Davis.)

V.

WHAT follows now I ask no man to believe. I scarcely believe it myself, now that it is all past and gone, and the actors in it likewise. Suffice it to say that I examined the journal of the French surgeons. I found in it a full report, made and attested by eminent men—some of whom I knew—giving the result of De Broyard's wonderful experiment. There was an article in the same journal, written by De Broyard, giving reasons why he believed the operation might be performed upon human beings. I cabled Le Roi on the subject. He answered: "De Broyard is the greatest surgeon living. I would trust my only child in his hands." All this was communicated to George Dedham. In a week's time the whole thing was decided. Even I—as bitter as I was, as hopeless of results as I was—caught something of the madness, and went so far as to agree to aid.

With Alice and Mrs. Dedham we had to be on our guard. The former was asked if she would consent to an operation which, if it failed, would cause total blindness at once; if it succeeded, permanent cure. She consented, with such apparent joy and hopefulness, that I had to rush out of the room to avoid giving vent to my feelings. With Mrs. Dedham we had more difficulty. Of course, she was not informed of the nature of the operation. George angrily refused my request to be allowed to talk with her on the subject. "She and Alice shall know nothing until success is assured. If there is a failure, no one shall ever know."

So one Saturday evening De Broyard, George, and I sat in the library, and the whole matter was arranged. De Broyard was to have absolute control of both George and Alice. Their diet, their exercise, their very books and newspapers, were to be under his supervision. For one month they were to be trained somewhat after the order of prize-fighters: only riding and driving were to be George's exercise; walking and riding, Alice's. Everything likely to disturb the nerves was to be banished. Music and poetry; all novels, except Anthony Trollope's, were forbidden. Church-going was limited to the morning service on Sunday. The next time I saw George he had on an enormous pair of goggles, completely hiding his eyes. De Broyard deliberately lied to Mrs. Dedham and Alice on this subject. The cold-blooded little devil told them that he had hopes of George's recovery, but was afraid of a weakness in his eyes.

The poor things were wild with delight, and almost fell down and worshipped the little creature. The month that followed was, I believe, the happiest month these three poor mortals had known since George's illness. De Broyard took up his quarters in Dedham's house. He ruled every one there with a rod of iron; master and mistress, servants, every one obeyed his slightest command. He cabled to Paris for his assistant. "You will laugh at Robinette," said he, "and yet without him I would be an impossibility."

And in twelve days Robinette came. A huge Gascon, but taciturn and grave. In size he would have made two of De Broyard. His movements were slow, his words spoken in a low voice—he spoke only French. With him he brought two large trunks filled with apparatus and instruments. The studio—a large room next to the library—was selected as the operating-room, and here, locked in by himself, this herculean assistant busied himself day after day arranging electric batteries, large and small, and putting everything in place.

In the mean time, it may be inquired, what was I doing? To answer frankly—nothing. The audacity of this whole proceeding paralyzed me. When I realized that I was actually consenting—yes, willing, to assist—in an operation so vital in its consequences to two people I held so dear, I shuddered at myself. My word was pledged, else I would have denounced De Broyard to the authorities. And then, too, constant association with him, his ability, his belief in his success, made me hope, despite myself, that he might succeed. As to the fame he prated about in case of success, I cared not a fig. A bachelor of sixty-six years cares very little about fame at best, and when failure meant such direful results, the very thought of it offset any gain to myself. I grew melancholy, low-spirited; noticeably so. George Dedham took me to task, and so urgent was he that I should remain master of myself that I rallied, after a fashion. De Broyard's whole manner to me changed also. It appeared that he could not see too much of me; he grew impulsive with me—poured into my ears a wealth of information on medical and surgical subjects, and showed me a deference and, I may say, affection, that took me by storm, despite myself. The Dedham household never was as lively and as full of hope in its palmiest days as it was now. Even George seemed to rally. The treatment to which De Broyard subjected him, or the excitement under which he labored, the sense of the sacrifice he was to make for the woman he loved—perhaps all these put together—seemed to put new life and vigor into his frame. The possibility of his recovery flashed over me. I spoke to De Broyard on the subject. He regarded me curiously a moment. "We will look to that after the operation. Let us not get our minds off that, my dear doctor."

And so the days passed rapidly by, and June, with its roses and balmy air, was upon us. The afternoon before the day fixed for the operation, Mrs. Dedham left—at De Broyard's positive command—to remain away at least a fortnight. As reluctantly as she went, she seemed to think that De Broyard must be obeyed. So fascinated was she by the man, I believe she would have gone to Siberia had he told her it was necessary to his success. Alice was ordered by this dictator of the house to take a long walk in company with a trained nurse I had obtained from the city hospital. George, De Broyard, and myself drove to the summit of the little mountain-range overlooking the valley of ——— and the sea-shore. It was a perfect afternoon. Below us lay the green hills and greener fields, interset with farm-houses and stately residences, villages and towns; off to the left one could see the city of ———burg, and beyond, in the far distance, the smoke—now softened into mist—that hung over Boston. Framing the picture was the white line of the surf, and then the far-stretching blue of the ocean. Seldom does one see a fairer picture, and, as our horses paused, we all kept silence and looked, lost in the sight.

Dedham broke the silence. "Beautiful, is it not, doctor?" I turned to look at him. He was standing up in the open carriage and letting his eyes drink in the entire scene. Without waiting for a reply, he went on: "Beautiful; and yet how dull and tame and commonplace all the memory of this will be—if departed souls remains memory of earth—when vision, unencumbered with flesh, shall behold the fields that lie around the Everlasting City." De Broyard made no reply, but turned the horses' heads. I dared not trust my voice, and so the remainder of the drive was finished in silence.

The night passed heavily with me, and I looked weary and dull when we met at the breakfast-table.

Alice was as calm and quiet as she usually was, and looking more radiantly beautiful than I ever saw her. The "training," so to speak, had brought her beauty to the height of perfection. Of all the persons assembled that morning, she appeared the most unconcerned. George was equally quiet, but in his eyes I noticed an anxiety I had never seen before. De Broyard was like a man of iron. Not a muscle moved in his face. He said "good-morning," and that was all. When breakfast was over, I took George by the arm, and entered the library.

"Do you not see your error now?" I said. "Think of your loss."

He turned on me fiercely. "My loss! I am nothing, I am thinking of her. If we fail——"

He paused, and just then De Broyard came in. He took me by the arm: "Imbecile that I am, in all this time I have never asked, has Miss Shirley any heart affections?"

"None that I am aware of," I replied. "Why?"

"With her we must use chloroform. With you, Mr. Dedham, cocaine will suffice."

He and I then visited the studio, and found the burly Gascon had arranged everything in perfect order. An operating-chair, fixed at an angle so as to half raise the patient, was planted in the centre of the room; by its side was its counterpart. This was all I saw until De Broyard raised a curtain dividing the room, and there I saw two tiny electric batteries worked by an engine whose boiler was heated by kerosene. Exceedingly small wires of what, I learned afterward, was a mixture of platinum and aluminium were connected with these batteries. On a small table were laid out numerous instruments, as bright and clean as care could make them.

Examining everything with the utmost care, De Broyard nodded approval.

"Our chance has come, my brave Robin," said he, and the Gascon beamed with delight as he listened to his master's praises.

In a few moments our patients were summoned into the room. Alice here insisted that Dedham should not remain, and before he could utter a remonstrance De Broyard spoke sharply: "Right! right! Miss Alice; Mr. Dedham must not think of remaining. Let me see you a moment outside." And, beckoning to George, he walked out of the room. Before following him, George stepped up to Alice and, taking her hands in his, gave her one long loving look that seemed to take in every detail of her appearance. She did not avoid his gaze, but seemed to study his face even as he did hers. For a moment there was a deep silence, then Alice closed her eyes and turned to me. "Lead me now, dear doctor! If I am never to see again, let this be my last recollection of sight." I held up a warning finger, for George was about to rush to her and clasp her in his arms. He hesitated a moment, then turned suddenly and left the room. A moment later De Broyard appeared, and I led Alice to the right-hand chair, in which she was soon reclining. I administered the ether—for at my request ether had been substituted for chloroform—and very soon she was completely under its influence. George was then sent for, and the doors all locked. He did not look at his beautiful cousin as she lay senseless, but took his seat in the chair by her and threw himself back.

The details of the operation having been so recently published by me in various medical journals, I will not attempt to describe it in detail to lay readers.

Le Roi was right. De Broyard was the greatest surgeon in the world. Never did I imagine it possible for a man to exhibit as much firmness with as much gentleness. A touch like a woman's, yet with a hand of steel. I understood also what he meant when he spoke of Robinette's importance to him. This gigantic man was as delicate in his touch as his master, and as swift and light in his movements as a leopard; always at the right place when wanted, yet never in the way; rushing from the batteries to the instrument-table, then to the patients; handling the wires; holding the knives and tweezers and dividers; then, at the most critical point, taking charge of one patient with as much readiness as if he had been a surgeon of many years' standing. To briefly describe this most remarkable operation, let me say that Alice was kept under the influence of ether; cocaine was then inserted in George's eye.

De Broyard then, with a small instrument between a spoon and a lancet, aided by his fingers, raised the upper and pulled down the lower lid of Alice's eye; Robinette performed the same operation with George, who afterward assured me that he did not feel the slightest pain. I then held back the lids of Alice's eye, and De Broyard, in quicker time than I can relate it, forced the eye out of the socket, drawing it with a movement, however, that seemed to prevent laceration. He then hurried to George, I following, Robinette in the mean time bringing up four wires connected with the batteries. I then noticed that, radiating from the end of each of these wires were numerous filaments no larger than spider-webs. When the same operation had been performed on George as on Alice, *i.e.*, the ball forced from its socket, De Broyard hurried back. He took one wire, Robinette the other, and with a rapidity to be seen, not described, each separated the filaments on the end of the wire he held and attached them to the ball on Alice's cheek. I could not follow their movements, but in my hurried glance I saw that a filament was attached to each important nerve, muscle, and vein. A filament larger than any of its neighbors seemed to touch the *arteria centralis*, and wrapped about the optic nerve was more than one tiny wire.

A touch of the lancet, the eye was severed, and hastily transferred to the other side of George's chair. Here I was instructed to stand with a small plate filled with some viscous fluid—of whose composition I am yet ignorant—and in this the eyeball was laid, while the same operation was performed with George's eye. In a moment, all was over. By some wonderful sleight of hand, the optic nerve of one eye was connected with the severed nerve in the socket, held for a second there, then pushed gently back, removing filament after filament, until suddenly the eye slid back into the socket, the wires dropping off as, with a touch of the foot, the electric current was cut off. In exactly eight minutes and four seconds from the time the operation commenced, it was over: George's eyes were in Alice's head, and her eyes in his. Bathed in some sweet-smelling and thick liquid, the eyelids were closed, a tight bandage fastened over each patient's eyes, and the deed was done.

De Broyard wheeled the chair in which Alice lay into the library, called in two servants, and in a little while she was in her chamber in bed, still insensible. The room was in Egyptian darkness; not a ray of light was allowed to penetrate it. We then returned to George, who lay quietly and apparently suffering no pain. He had not spoken nor moved during the whole operation. Indeed, I do not recall any speech uttered by any of us. There was a dead silence, only broken by the "whir, whir," of the little engine.

De Broyard, when he returned to George, spoke to him in a voice so full of sympathy and kindness it made me start.

"Do you suffer?" he asked.

"In the mind only," was the reply.

Robinette, at a nod from De Broyard, came forward and laid his huge hands on George's head. With gentle motions of the hands he seemed to be stroking the head down toward the base of the brain. In two minutes, heavy breathing indicated that George slept.

"Is he a mesmerist?" I asked, in a voice which, I now recall with shame, had something of awe in it.

"Bah!" replied De Broyard, shrugging his shoulders. "No! no! nothing but electricity, in a milder and more manageable form."

Again calling the servants, he had George carried to his room, and that darkened as Alice's room was. The operation was over. Its success was now to be waited for. As we stepped out for a breath of air, De Broyard turned to me.

"There is but one danger," said he.

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Septicæmia!" he replied. "If we can avoid that, all will be well."

I grasped his arm. "And should that occur?"

"My dear doctor," he replied, "you know as well as I do—brain-fever—death; the failure of the finest operation ever known."

One can well imagine with what feelings I left the house.

VI.

BUT no ill effects seemed to follow. About noon the next day I visited Dedham's, and found De Broyard in a high

state of glee. He ran down the steps to meet me as he saw me approach. "All goes well," said he; "no fever, no pain. Miss Alice complains of a little soreness. 'My eyes feel as if you had taken them out and washed them,' she told me this morning. I bade her keep them closed, and not dare to open them until I gave her leave."

case the operation succeeded. I feared the effect upon Alice when she discovered—if she ever was able to discover—that her sight was restored at the expense of the eyesight of the man she loved. De Broyard had already outlined a plan, to which I declined to be a party, although I offered no objection to his doing as he chose. "For six months at least,



FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS DEEP SILENCE, THEN ALICE CLOSED HER EYES AND TURNED TO ME. "LEAD ME NOW, DEAR DOCTOR! IF I AM NEVER TO SEE AGAIN, LET THIS BE MY LAST RECOLLECTION OF SIGHT." I HELD UP A WARNING FINGER, FOR GEORGE WAS ABOUT TO RUSH TO HER AND CLASP HER IN HIS ARMS.

"Bandaged as they are, she would have some trouble," I replied.

"Yes, but I do not wish to have her make the effort."

"And George?" I asked.

"Doing splendidly," he replied, "and very happy."

We walked into the library together, and, closing the door, had a long conversation as to our method of procedure in

after the operation," he explained, "she will be compelled to wear dark glasses. I have exacted a promise from her that she will never be seen without them, and that she will look into no mirror or shining substance except with those glasses on. Mr. Dedham has agreed to assume goggles, and never be seen without them as long as he lives. And now, dear doctor"—he stretched out his hand toward me—

"if, perchance, Miss Alice ever sees her present eyes before his death, I have taken care to prevent trouble by telling her that the operation sometimes had the effect of changing the color of the eyes—strictly true, is it not?"

I made no reply, and he went on: "It is Dedham's case that is giving me most trouble."

"How?" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. "I thought you said he was doing splendidly."

"So he is, so he is," he replied, speaking rapidly, "but I mean his disease. I believe I could make a cure of that lung-trouble, if he was to put himself in my hands; and yet, what a world of trouble it will cause us if he is prevented from dying according to programme."

This was said in as flippant a manner as one can well imagine, and yet I detected in his voice a note of care and earnestness that checked the angry retort rising to my lips. He went on, speaking this time in a serious manner:

"A physician's duty is to save life, no matter at what expense. Often I have kept agony alive in a frame, because cessation of pain meant the end of existence. Often I have restored life to a being whose greatest good to society would have been performed by leaving this world. Here nothing but sentiment stands in the way—*Dieu des dieux*. Better a blind husband than a dead lover. And who can tell? In his head, with his organization, the eyes may change; he may gain his sight. He shall live, doctor; he shall live," and, rising suddenly, he walked rapidly up and down the room. I need not detail the rest of our interview, but after De Broyard laid out to me his course of treatment, in which was included transfusion of blood from Robinette—"a willing victim"—as he laughingly said, I became convinced that there might be hope for Dedham's recovery.

The third day after this interview I had a conversation with both Alice and George. I was about to say I saw them, but this would not be true, as they were kept in Cimmerian darkness. The only light ever admitted to the room was the light of a candle enclosed in a dark-green lantern. This interview, however, gave me great pleasure. Both were in excellent spirits; both assured me that all pain was over, and Alice was buoyant with hope. "I shall see, doctor," she said, as she pressed my hand. "Oh! I know I shall see. I know from the way my eyes feel in my head that some wonderful change has taken place." She must have felt my hand tremble, for she put her other hand upon mine, and in that gentle, sweet voice of hers cheered me: "Do not be afraid, dear friend; all will go well. I will see again."

And strange and wonderful and miraculous as it may seem, see she did.

At the end of a week the bandages were removed. The green lamp was lit in the room, and she was allowed to open her eyes. The moment was one of breathless interest to us all. De Broyard, Robinette, and myself stood together by her bedside; the sharp, quick breathing of the former indicated his agitation. "Open your eyes," he said abruptly as soon as the bandage was removed. "Don't try to look at anything, only tell me it all is yet dark."

There was silence for a moment. Then she spoke calmly: "I see a shape where you are standing—yes, three shapes." "Close your eyes," said De Broyard, sharply; "all is well."

"Thank God," I said, and I know there were tears in my voice.

"Dr. Lindram," I heard Alice say, and I leant over the couch. "Tell George," she whispered, and I hurried from the room.

With him, a few moments later, the same incident occurred, and I knew that, so far, De Broyard had succeeded. Twice a day, for ten days after this, he and I visited the two patients. Each time light was admitted to the room, more and more of it, carefully graduated and shaded, until, at the end of the tenth day, both were allowed to come out of their rooms with large goggles of green glass covering the eyes. They were not allowed to meet, De Broyard insisting to Alice that excitement would be prejudicial to Dedham's health, and to George he spoke frankly of the danger to his cousin in case of any undue display of feeling on the part of either. And the miracle was accomplished. The blood-vessels, nerves, and muscles had knit. Alice saw, with no doubtful vision, and George's sight, while impaired to a great extent, was not destroyed. The greatest surgical operation ever performed

had been performed successfully. Need I say that my whole bearing changed toward De Broyard? What had heretofore seemed to me rudeness and flippancy, I became convinced, was a mask. The true man was underneath it. The great surgeon was great in every respect.

The course of physical training through which our patients had been put was continued with the greatest strictness. Their diet, their exercise, the books they read, their every movement was directed by De Broyard, and I really believe that he and Robinette rarely allowed the one or the other to be out of sight during waking hours.

A month elapsed before the two cousins were allowed to meet. In the mean time Mrs. Dedham had been sent for, and De Broyard told her frankly the whole truth. To my surprise she not only thanked him, but expressed her gratification at the result. She was impressed with the importance of secrecy, and it was agreed that for the present even George was to be kept in ignorance of the fact that she knew of his sacrifice. It was a bright summer's day when the doctor led Alice into the library where George was seated. She was dressed in some sort of thin blue silk, cut low in the neck, exposing her beautiful throat, and letting the beholder see how superbly nature had placed her head upon her shoulders. Dark blue-black goggles hid her eyes. She had never been allowed to remove them. Her complexion was exquisite; her figure rounded into perfection. I never saw, in reality or on canvas, a more beautiful woman. George stood in the shadow. Enormous goggles, with wire guards, shut his eyes from view as completely as if he had no eyes. Alice approached him, the rich color in her cheek flushing into a burning red. De Broyard, Robinette, Mrs. Dedham, and myself stood just in the door-way. "My darling," I heard Alice say in a half-whisper, "your eyes are coming back to you." At this I could stand no more, but, bursting into hysteric sobs, I was led away by Robinette, who swore huge Gascon oaths in his beard as we walked down the hall. It took me over half an hour to recuperate, and when I returned to the library everything was as it used to be six months before, except that there was laughter and happy talk where once had been silence, broken only by sad whispers. Alice had accepted readily the explanation that George's disease had weakened his eyes, and in my soul I believe she half-way rejoiced at it.

"I can be your eyes," was an expression constantly on her lips, and it was well the dark glasses prevented her from seeing the quiver on our faces. That evening, after sunset, De Broyard led her out on the eastern porch and bade her remove the glasses. She did so, and with a quick motion put her hands to her eyes, shutting them tightly. De Broyard watched her keenly, holding his breath.

Slowly she removed her hands, and then stood silent a little while. Then, with a long sigh, she turned to him. "Doctor," she said, "I see better than I ever saw before, but nature looks so sombre and sad to me. Is it the lateness of the day, the duskiness of the evening, that causes it? And yet it is not twilight."

"I cannot tell you," he replied, with an emotion unusual to him. "We must not be in too great a hurry to see as of old." It was days before she removed her glasses again.

With George the case was different. He declared that, with the exception of an occasional haziness, he saw as well as he ever did in his life. "And such sight, too, my dear doctors," he remarked one day to us. "The world looks to me brighter and more beautiful than it ever did before. I can't explain it—he stopped shortly. "Ah! yes! yes! wonderful! wonderful! Doctor"—he turned and grasped my hand—"I am looking at the world with Alice's eyes."

In six weeks Alice was allowed to wear lighter glasses, and often, on cloudy days, to sit in the house with none. The change in her personal appearance without glasses was startling. I used to shudder sometimes as I looked at George's eyes in her head. She was more beautiful than ever—the fair complexion and light hair were set off and made a hundred-fold lovelier by the contrast with the dark-brown eyes. Only the Saxon type was gone, and the Italian, in the intensity of its beauty, was before us. The saddest

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thing to me, however, was that the eyes retained George's expression. Alice's eyes used to be sunny and bright; beaming with loveliness and purity and gentleness, indices of her soul.

From her great dark eyes now looked only the sad weariness and sombre mournfulness that had marked George's expression, and the change shocked me more than I can tell you.

With George the effect was the same. He was, if anything, handsomer than ever, but his whole expression had changed. A cheerful, happy light gleamed in his eyes; a soft gentleness and tender sweetness seemed to dwell in these whenever he exposed them to our gaze, and he spoke often with amazement of the different way in which nature appeared to him. "All used to be sombre and sad—dying while yet in the leaf," he would say: "now all is so bright and fresh and lovely."

I mentioned this to De Broyard with some feeling, but he spoke flippantly. "Why, my dear doctor, what else can you expect? Ah! excuse me. You are one of those who speak of the soul looking out of the eyes. Poof! out goes your theory now. There is no soul. The brown matter made the world brown, the bright blue eye made the world bright. *C'est tout.*"

But there was another aspect of the affair that became more serious, and the ending of which I began to contemplate with no little anxiety. De Broyard had expressed his intention to return to Paris in October. Before going he proposed, and George had consented to his proposal, that he was to try the effect of transfusion of blood, Robinette being willing to stand the loss of a few pints for the sake of science.

This subject had been talked over by all of us, and Alice was deeply interested in it. One day she asked me to walk with her, and when we were well out of sight and hearing, she sat down on a fallen tree in the park and bade me sit by her.

"Doctor," she said, as I seated myself, "I am troubled beyond measure, and must confide in you. You know I love George devotedly." I nodded my head. "Then why, why, in the name of Heaven, do I hate to look at him? Yes! *hate, actually hate*, to see his features, once so dear to me! Oh! it is terrible. When I am away from him, or when I sit by him and shut my eyes, those dear, dear features seem as handsome and sweet and as dear to me as ever, in the eye of the mind; but when I see him, when I look at him, as I once loved to do, something seems to tell my eyes that he is not handsome, as I know he is; that the sight of his face is painful—distressing to me. What does it all mean? I cannot bear it any longer."

To say that I was amazed and distressed is not to express in any measure my feelings at this unexpected and strange disclosure. I tried to reason with her, spoke of his goggles, etc., etc., but all in vain. The fact remained: she could not bear to see him whom she loved so dearly; and while we were talking, the reason flashed across my mind with a suddenness that took my breath away. One of George Dedham's marked characteristics was a modesty that amounted to self-depreciation. In the last few months this self-depreciation had grown morbid, and at times I had to remonstrate with him on the bitter and angry way in which he spoke of himself, and especially of his personal appearance. He would not allow a mirror in his room, and I believe actually hated himself as far as personal appearance went. And now the fact was—strange and sad and wonderful as it may seem, yet nevertheless a fact—that Alice looked at George with his own eyes, and that those eyes retained in some mysterious way the feelings of their former owner. I must confess I sat dumfounded, and my troubled countenance aroused Alice's suspicions.

She caught my hand.

"What change is there in me, doctor?" she said. "Am I not the old Alice? Do I not love George just as much as ever? This is merely a fancy, that will pass away when my eyes recover from the effects of the operation, isn't it?"

I groaned.

"Why do you not answer me?" she went on.

"My dear Alice," I replied, "this is a mere fancy. The shock of the operation, the unaccustomed sense of returned sight, has acted upon your nerves. Let us change the subject. Do you know, De Broyard

has hopes of prolonging George's life, if not of making a complete cure."

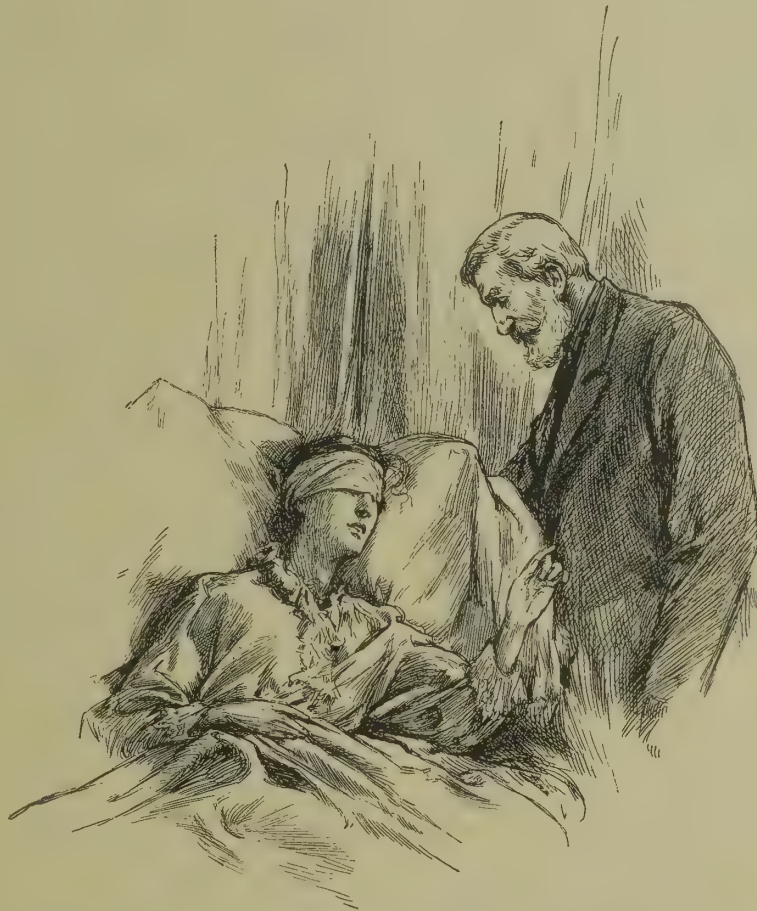
Her face flushed. She paused a moment, and then, with a rapid gesture, bared her magnificent arm.

"Look at this," said she. "Am I not in perfect health? Dr. de Broyard's training has given me muscles of steel, and blood that courses like the elixir of life in my veins. If George is to have any one's blood transfused into his veins, you must promise me it shall come from my arm."

Only too glad to change the subject, I turned the conversation into this channel, and as we walked back to the house I promised to use my influence with De Broyard to accomplish her desire.

I met him on the porch.

"Can you spare the doctor to me half an hour, Miss Alice?" he asked, and, as she laughingly assented, he drew



"OH, I KNOW I SHALL SEE. I KNOW FROM THE WAY MY EYES FEEL IN MY HEAD THAT SOME WONDERFUL CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE."

my arm in his and we walked out into the woodland Alice and I had just left.

De Broyard seemed grave and evidently disturbed. After we had walked a little way in the wood, he drew his arm from mine and halted suddenly. I paused likewise.

"Dr. Lindram," said he, "I am puzzled beyond measure. Mr. Dedham has taken me into his confidence. He tells me that his devotion to his cousin is as deep, if not deeper, than ever; but that he no longer looks on her with any sort of pleasure. In fact, that she does not appear to him at all beautiful, and the sight of her person is almost distasteful to him. When he does not see her, or closes his eyes in her presence, there is no change in his thoughts of her or remembrance of her loveliness. Can you explain to me what this means?"

"I think I can," I replied, and in a few short words I explained to him that Alice had made almost the identically same statement to me as to her sensations when she looked on George.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said De Broyard, when I finished my narration. "What a triumph for matter over this figment we call the mind."

"Triumph! the devil!" I broke out.

"Another figment," he mockingly said; "but let us not quarrel over that about which neither knows anything. Let us find a remedy. If he would only die now——"

I caught his arm. "Doctor," said I, earnestly, "under all your cynicism, I know, beats a kind heart"—he shrugged his shoulders. "Lay aside for a while, for my sake, as for the sake of your operation I laid aside, prejudice, and let us see to it that we do only that which conscientious physicians should do, and that in doing this we also strive to make these two people happy."

There was silence for a while, and then De Broyard spoke in his sincerest and gravest manner. "Dedham without some heroic measure, will not live out the year. If we try such a measure as I have proposed, and fail, it means death. To be perfectly frank with you, I believe the chances of failure are at least equal to the chances of success, and in such cases I must hesitate. My success in the operation I have performed on the eyes of your patient is all that keeps me here. I desire to see that entirely successful, and at least six weeks more must elapse ere I can be sure of my work. Any sudden shock to Miss Shirley might ruin even in a month all we have done." Here he went on and explained to me at length the result of fright on the eye of an animal which had been grafted in, even after sight had been perfectly restored. "The whole nervous system has been affected, more or less, by what we have done. Hence my care to avoid exciting subjects. Hence, also, my perplexity at the strange way in which the change of eyes has affected the sight of each patient to the other. We must counteract this, or——" He paused, and then turned abruptly and walked back to the house. I followed him until he paused at the library door, and laid his finger on his lips. We looked in. Alice was seated on a stool at George's feet, he bending over her until his lips almost touched her hair. She had removed her glasses, but her eyes were tightly closed. The hideous goggles George wore hid his eyes, but I know they, too, were closed. I know we did an extremely ungentlemanly thing, but De Broyard and I stood perfectly still and listened.

"You are happy, Alice?" asked George.

"No," she replied; and I saw him start and clutch the arm of his chair. "No; I am not happy. My eyesight is restored, in some mysterious way, but not my eyes." Both De Broyard and I gave a convulsive start at this; George drew a sharp, short breath that was almost like a sob. "I do not know what it all means, George, dear, but I look not on things now as I used to do. The woods, that once were green, are brown always and sad now; the sky seems to lack the light of the old sun. It is a dying world I see, not a living one—and—and, George, dear, I must tell you—yes! dearest, my heart is breaking at the thought—you do not look to me as you did. You have not lost that beauty of face, that manliness of form that might witch any woman's heart—much more mine—this I know; but, darling, darling, I have lost that which made you look to me as my prince of men. Oh! surgery may be a great art, but does not God grow wroth with those who would with puny skill alter his decrees? I know he meant me to be blind. Man's art has made me see, but not as he gave me sight. Oh! were such

a thing possible, I could almost think that strange, wicked French doctor had taken out the eyes of a corpse and put them into my head, giving them sight, but the sight of the dead."

Indelibly photographed upon my memory will live forever the picture I saw then.

De Broyard leaned against the door, his face white and drawn. Alice had thrown back her head and opened her eyes, looking into the face of her lover with an expression such as no human face ever had upon it. As pale as marble, her chiselled features were so radiantly beautiful that at the sight I almost forgot the anguish clutching at my heart. The glorious beauty of the great brown eyes, that seemed to be striving to draw George's glance into them, had something in it that was suggestive of a sublime despair. A ray of sunlight had crept into the room, and, wandering over her head, made her hair like a mass of molten gold. George leant over her, his face in the shadow, the great ugliness of the shades over his eyes making him look like some monster preparing to seize the beautiful prey beneath him. His hands were clutching the arms of his chair with convulsive grasp.

There was a prolonged silence. Then he spoke, with a voice out of which seemed to have died everything but sound; such a voice as one hears sometimes in delirium, when the whole sky is but a hollow dome of brass, and a whisper rolls reverberating through it, sounding without intonation, or change of sound.

"Would that I had died before this."

"Ay, would we both had died," Alice said; "had died with each other, and been buried side by side. I cannot live thus." She threw her arms up, as if to clasp her lover around the neck. He moved as she did so, and her arms struck the glasses from his eyes. De Broyard made one step forward, then stopped, and I heard an oath die away in his throat, half uttered.

Neither George nor Alice moved again for a time. She lay looking into his face, a strange horror growing into ugly lines about her mouth and eyes. He, as though fascinated, withdrew not his glance from hers, and thus they remained for a moment. Then, with a shriek that seemed to pulsate on the air like the voicing of the direst agony, she sprang to her feet, and rushed to the mirror over the mantel. A long glance, and then she hastened back to where George sat, like an iron figure immovably fixed to his seat.

"My God! my God!" she cried, as she fell at his feet. "They have given me your eyes, and you have taken mine. For me you have sacrificed the light of life. Oh, God forgive those whose ambition or greed of gold has done this thing. Life was not worth——" There was then but silence. Slowly, as if moved by some unseen force, George Dedham rose from his seat and turned toward the door-way through which we now were hastening, one long, sad look. Even then Alice's eyes, in his head, lost not their old sweet glance. Mournfully sad, yet filled with an infinite compassion, I thank God that I saw them look forgiveness, as he fell outstretched by his cousin's side, the blood, that never again would flow, leaping from his lips as he fell.

They had died together, and as I felt first his heart, and then hers, calling loudly for help and light and spirits—I know not for what—I heard a voice sobbing, and, looking up, saw De Broyard convulsed with grief.

A great pity surged in my heart. I arose and tried to grasp his hand. "You, too," I cried, "you, too, loved her as I did, hopelessly, unknown even to her. God pity us both!"

He checked a sob on his lips, and looked at me a moment, then broke out:

"The greatest surgical operation the world ever saw, ruined, utterly ruined, by a foolish woman's nerves," and, wringing his hands, he walked slowly out of the room. I have never seen him since.

THE END.

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MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN departs once more from one of its excellent editorial rules in printing as a frontispiece the portrait of a lady. Our subscribers—that fast-growing army of kind, sensible and appreciative spirits—have repeatedly requested us to print the photograph of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs; and furthermore, to secure their point obviously, they—mark their sly flattery—write us: “I want to see her in THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, because in it she will look like something, while in all other papers portraits are absurd.” In this, we confess, there is a great deal of truth.

Last June Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, a young man of the hale-and hearty order, who enjoys all the advantages of an excellent social position and all the comforts of abundant means, crossed the continent and led to the altar Miss Tessie Fair, a daughter of ex-Senator Fair, one of the richest men in California. The bridegroom being in himself a prominent figure, and the bride, by reason of the senator's wealth, being equally prominent, it is not surprising that, on a certain June day, the old ladies of the two seaboard discussed the marriage with their customary delight.

But, as to Mrs. Oelrichs, she is just twenty years of age. She is an excellent example of the Spanish type of beauty, which is met with occasionally in Ireland, with an almost olive skin, dark eyes, very black hair, and a tall, fully rounded figure.

She is an accomplished musician, paints very creditably, has travelled much, is a spirited rider, dances, and plays tennis vigorously, and is a daring swimmer.

THE COUNTESS KESSLER.

ALEXANDRE CABANEL, whose exquisite picture of “The Birth of Venus” so shocked the prudently prude sensibilities of St. Anthony of New York, died early last year, as he was putting the finishing touches to the portrait of the Countess Kessler, which we reproduce on page 134.

Cabanel was the most celebrated painter in his day of the portraits of women of fashion.* Among the Americans whose features he has limned are Mrs. J. W. Mackay, her daughter, the Princess de Galatro (generally known as Princess Colonna), Miss Leiter, Mrs. Cutting, Miss Nettie Hooper, daughter of the American vice-consul in Paris, and Mme. Diaz Albertini. His acknowledged masterpiece in portraiture is the picture of the Countess Kessler, who is one of the most beautiful women in Paris, and if, as some people think, she is the mysterious “Ary Ecilaw,” whose revelations of the intrigues of sovereigns, grand dukes, and other royalties threw the Boulevards into such a ferment, one of the most talented.

Countess Kessler, an Englishwoman by birth, is the second daughter of the late Captain Lynch, C. B., of the Indian Navy, who was a well-known member of the Royal Geographical Society. For some years she has occupied a very prominent position in Paris society, and has collected around her in her hospitable salon not only the fashion but the wit and talent of fair Lutetia. Cabanel was a frequent guest at her house, and was delighted when she consented to sit for him. He selected the toilette, a combination of pink brocade and pale green satin. When the first sitting took place, in February, 1888, Cabanel was suffering from

asthmatic and bronchial troubles, from which he died a year later. He was rarely able to leave his charming house on the Parc Monceau. Continually interrupted by the illness of the painter, the portrait made but slow progress. The following New Year, Countess Kessler was advised by the doctors to take her little daughter to the South. Cabanel knew that his days were numbered, and he begged his fair sitter to give him time to finish the picture. Three days' more work, he told her, on January 10th, would finish it. The next morning he wrote to the countess to say he was too ill to receive anybody, and five days later he breathed his last in the arm-chair in his studio, upon which for the past three years he had passed his nights.

The only part of the portrait of Countess Kessler left unfinished is the left side of the face.

THE EXTINCTION OF BLONDES.

MOST people who can look back twenty years or so must have noticed how much scarcer blondes are in the upper classes of Eastern and Western society than they were. Travellers have noticed the same thing in England, where the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon girl, of which Rowena was a type, is almost extinct. Nowadays if you do see a fair-haired woman in the streets of London, you can be pretty certain that her locks are dyed. The Jews were a fair-haired race, and golden-haired and blue-eyed Jewesses are common to-day in Jerusalem. The Venetians of the days of Titian and Veronese were sunny-haired, and we have it on the authority of Ruskin that the old Greeks and Romans were the same.

When Mallock's “Is Life Worth Living?” appeared, a wit answered the question by, “It all depends upon the liver.” Now an ingenious correspondent explains the extinction of the blonde in the same way. It's a question of liver. He once asked a physician why dark-haired people have such weak livers, while fair people never know whether they have a liver or not. The answer was: “I cannot tell you why, but you are right; dark-haired people must always be careful with their livers.”

Here lies the whole thing in a nutshell, remarks the ingenious one. Heaven sent us golden-haired women in the olden times, when we were good, and the devil sends us cooks in modern times, when we are bad. Our grandfathers' livers are ruined, and we inherit their bile, which turns our hair black.

But Germans are bilious, and yet retain their golden locks, while the Irish, who suffer least from their livers of any people in the world, were so fair that as late as the sixteenth century dark-haired men and women had *Dubh* (black) prefixed to their names.

So the theory doesn't quite hold water.

MADAME DE SAGAN'S PRIVATE BOX.

THE Princesse de Sagan, sister of the Baron Raymond de Seillière, whose eccentricities gained him such notoriety in this country, has a bone to pick with M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic. It is a bone of such size that the princess has rallied on her side all the forces of the noble Faubourg against those of the democratic Elysée.

Ever since the fall of the Empire, Mme. de Sagan has rented the state box at the Théâtre Français, and as in her set presidents of republics are not supposed to have any business with state boxes, she fondly imagined she would

occupy the most conspicuous place in Molière's house for life. But the president, or perhaps it was Madame la Présidente, has cast covetous eyes on the box, and M. Jules Clarté has been ordered to evict the fair tenant. Poor Clarté is between the two horns of a dilemma. He cannot well disobey the president, but if he turns Mme. de Sagan out, the aristocratic dames of Paris threaten to boycott his house, and this means ruin. At present the matter is seriously discussed on the boulevards as a "crisis."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

AT Gardiner, Me., in an old-fashioned, pumpkin-yellow house, shaded by stately elms and maples, lives Laura E. Richards. She is one of the daughters of Dr. Howe, the philanthropist, whose character the poet Whittier portrayed in his poem called "The Hero." Her mother, Julia Ward Howe, is the well-known author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and a book full of other poems worthy of wide reading.

As children Mrs. Richards and her sister, Mrs. Elliot—better known as Maud Howe—were very beautiful. Their artist friends made sketches or portraits of them, and the literary friends of their parents wrote about them from Fredrika Bremer's time till they took their own places among the world's workers.

At twenty—in 1871—Laura was married to Henry Richards, an architect by profession, belonging to a cultured English family who lived in Gardiner, Me. After a European tour, the young couple took up their residence in Boston. In the midst of a distinguished literary circle, which was sure to meet and entertain all kindred spirits from abroad, they breathed a very enjoyable atmosphere. But when business interests took them away, considerably more than a decade ago, Mrs. Richards established for herself so busy and useful a life that she betrayed no dissatisfaction with the change.

In the north parlor of their attractive home, beside a window which looks out upon a beautiful curve of the Kennebec, stands the desk where have been written most of the verses and sketches that have won for their author so many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. "Sketches and Scraps"—a collection of rhymes for children, illustrated by Mr. Richards—appeared in 1882. Of these, "Will o' the Wisp" and "Phil's Secret" were reprinted in England and translated into some of the continental languages. Between that time and 1886, when the first of the Toto books was published, came the "Natural History Sketches" in *St. Nicholas*, and many of the so-called nonsense verses that juvenile readers are so familiar with. "The Joyous Story of Toto" was brought out in England soon after it appeared here, and led to a series of fairy stories for an Edinburgh publishing house. "Toto's Merry Winter" and more natural-history articles followed. The nonsense verses still continue to come, as does also many a poem of a more serious nature, which floats off upon that sea of helpful reading that the average reader skims over with appreciation, but dwells little upon. Many of these last named find a home in the Boston *Transcript*.

Mrs. Richards's work, from which she receives a very good income, is done by a systematic use of time, which all heads of households are not able or willing to effect. Her family of six children, her social duties and charitable work, suffer in no way from her literary occupation.

Mrs. Richards has attained much in the way of *symmetry*, as the Greeks originally meant it—that rounding and completing of the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties *with due proportion*.

FEMININE FOOT-BALL.

WHERE will the mania for out-door sports among our young women end? If it goes on at the present rate there is no reason why in a few years the match of the season should not be between two foot-ball teams from Vassar and Wellesley. Fifteen years ago a woman lawn-tennis champion was as much an impossibility

as a first and second "rush" from the ranks of the sweet girl graduates appear to us to-day. Yet everybody must allow that the introduction of lawn-tennis has proved a great boon to our young women and marvellously improved their physiques. Heaven defend us from women foot-ball players! But if Anglomania isn't stifled before then, we shall have our granddaughters, possibly our daughters, limping about with scraped shins and discussing "backs" and "forwards," as they do "volleys" and "cuts" now. Women cricketers have their scores recorded in the English sporting papers, and the ladies' cricket-match has become quite an institution at the big country houses. We shall soon hear of lady cricketers in this country, and if lady cricketers, why not lady foot-ball players?

A GREAT MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

THE latest scheme evolved from the brain of General Booth, of Salvation Army fame, is a great matrimonial agency. "How many thousands of men," he says, "are there in far-away parts of the earth who would be glad to get good wives and who cannot get them! How many women are there in the ranks of our home society who would make the best of wives, but who remain spinsters! Would it not be touching our social conditions intimately if those two classes, by some proper method, could be brought in touch with each other? It may seem a surprising notion, this, to some people at first sight, but, believe me, there is a great deal in it."

General Booth has done so much good in his day that one does not like to throw cold water on any plan he may promulgate for improving social conditions, but men, as a rule, are poor match-makers. They lack the tact necessary to make two people of opposite sexes understand how thoroughly indispensable they are to each other's happiness. Why not let the spinsters woo for themselves? Women know what men want and what is good for them far better than they do themselves. Some one has said that "a woman never reveals more sweetness and delicacy than when she comes to the assistance of a lover who feels himself restrained by bashfulness, or who hardly realizes that he does love, and that it would be good for him to do so."

If he is not of a coming-on disposition, as Rosalind puts it, let her woo; and once the ball has been started a-rolling, people will forget to think of it as immodest.

WHERE TOLSTOÏ IS WRONG.

DO Count Tolstoï and his admirers really think that women are educated to no other end but the capture of men? They must be very conceited if they believe that we never think of anything else but the sex to which they belong; that we paint, play tennis, dissect, address ourselves to the violin—always with one eye on a man.

It is not true, says one of the Muscovite philosopher's critics, that feminine education, like that of pirates, is conducted solely for the teaching of the art of capture. There are, indeed, circumstances which might make a superficial observer adopt that opinion. For example, girls pass nearly as much time over the piano as boys do over the Greek language and literature. Yet when once a lady has won the haven of marriage, she but seldom plays the piano, as a rule; nor does she 'keep up' any of her young accomplishments.

Hence cynics, like Count Tolstoï's homicidal Muscovite, infer that women only practise the arts to beguile and inveigle mankind. But a moment's reflection shows the feebleness of this argument. Greek is to boys what the piano is to girls; boys forget Greek as rapidly and joyfully, when they get the chance, as maidens lay aside the exercises of the school-room. But surely no female Tolstoï will maintain that men only learn Greek with the purpose of commending themselves to the fair! Nor do they wear tight jerseys at foot-ball or on the river for the same purpose, but because they are convenient and comfortable. In short, the education of women, a philosopher might maintain, is conducted, not too much, but far too little, with regard to

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the opposite sex, and especially as regards the estate of matrimony.

Has marriage ever had a fair trial? Have women or men ever been educated to be good wives or good husbands? Other careers and professions are prepared for; Technical Education stalks among us, but no girl is educated for the wifely art. Hence it does occur, now and then, that marriage is not exactly a state of felicity, that "there are excellent marriages," as Rochefoucauld says, "but no such thing as a delicious marriage."

LOUISE LAWSON.

LOUISE LAWSON is the sculptress who has been selected by the letter-carriers of the United States to execute a statue of the late Congressman Samuel S. Cox. This distinction has been won by hard work, for Miss Lawson has applied herself to the study of her art from the time she was a child. She attended the Cincinnati Art School, under Thomas S. Noble and Louis Rebisso, and afterward studied in Paris and Rome. Many American girls visit those homes of art and are obliged to undergo privations and physical suffering in order to study in the best schools. Miss Lawson's experiences have not included life in a garret sustained by stray crusts. She has mastered every detail of her chosen work, however. After leaving Cincinnati, she spent two years in Boston drawing from the nude. Then she studied four years in New York under the supervision of J. Q. A. Ward. In Paris she benefited by the instruction of Rodin and set up her first studio; but after a year in the French capital she removed to Rome, where she made her first statue, "Il Pastore." Later on she modelled "Ayacanora"—a lovely figure of a young Indian girl. Miss Lawson returned to America about three years ago, and has since lived in New York. The commission for the Cox monument is one of which she may well feel proud. It is, of course, the most important she has yet received. Fame is usually slow in helping forward young sculptors, and few of the men of that profession whose names are now famous achieved public recognition in so short a time as has Miss Lawson. Even in Rome she achieved distinction, and the Academy of Fine Arts of Perugia conferred its diploma and medal upon her in recognition of her talent and conscientious work.

TALL AND STIFF ENGLISHWOMEN.

GEORGE DU MAURIER, the artist of London *Punch*, who created Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and a number of other pretty types of the middle-class Englishwomen who elbow themselves into society, says of these ladies: "I am so fond of what I *want* her to be. She is my *pièce de résistance*, and I have often heard her commended, and the praise of her has sounded sweet in mine ears, and gone straight to my heart, for she has become to me as a daughter. She is rather tall, I admit, and a trifle stiff; but Englishwomen *are* tall and stiff just now; and she is rather too serious, but that is only because I find it so difficult, with a mere stroke in black ink, to indicate the enchanting little curved lines that go from the nose to the mouth- corners, causing the cheeks to make a smile—and without them the smile is incomplete, merely a grin. So I have had to give up the smile when the author has not absolutely insisted upon it. And as for the height, I have often begun by drawing the dear creature *little*, and found that by one sweep of the pen (adding a few inches to the bottom of her skirt) I have improved her so much that it has been impossible to resist the temptation, the thing is so easy, and the result so satisfying and immediate."

INDIAN CHILD MARRIAGES.

THE government at Calcutta has decided to take steps for the prevention of child marriages in the Indian Empire. The mischief these child marriages have done among the Hindus is beyond description. Bad as the effect of the system has been on the men, it has proved infinitely worse for the women. It is the sole cause of the present deterioration of women in India.

Rukmabai, a native social reformer, says in the *New Review*: "It has degraded her to such an extent that she

has almost lost the dignity of humanity, and has come to be considered an inferior being. Indeed, men regard her much as they regard one of their domestic animals. The birth of a baby-girl is always most unwelcome. The father gnashes his teeth and stamps his feet. The mother is sorely disappointed, and although her tenderness may bring its sure wealth of love, she curses both herself and the child. There is, moreover, a notion prevalent that women who bear only girls are sinful, and this intensifies the grief. As the baby grows into a little girl, the anxieties of the mother increase day by day."

The Hindu girl is, as a rule, married at the age of eight. Directly she enters her husband's home she becomes the target for insults from her mother-in-law, the object of gibes and ill-treatment from her brothers and sisters-in-law. She may not play; kind words she knows not; she is half-starved and she is found hiding in the corner to escape her tormentors; she is driven out and beaten. Should she turn to her own mother for consolation, all she gets is: "It has pleased God to send you into the world as a woman. You must bear your lot as others have done before you."

The time comes for the young girl to be united to her boy husband. She may not please him. He drives her from his side and finds another wife. She flies to her parents for protection. They have done their best, they tell her, and bid her return to her husband's home, bidding her to bear her troubles so that her future life may be a happy one. The Hindus, believing in reincarnation, hold that the sorrows of this life are a punishment for the acts of a previous state of existence.

"There is no hope for the salvation of a woman save she live and die under the roof of her husband," is dinned into the poor woman's ears. She seeks "complete salvation" in the nearest tank, river, or well, or takes a strong dose of opium. So closes her life of misery.

This, of course, is not the case always, but the custom of child marriage makes many of the best-treated Hindu girls mothers at the age of fourteen. She may bear a dozen or more undeveloped and sickly children, half of whom are born only to add to the misery of the poor creature, and to leave the world after having brought nothing but trouble and anxiety into it.

Child marriage, it appears, is not sanctioned by the Hindu religion. It is a mere custom. As the British Government has interfered successfully with such Hindu customs as infanticide, homicide, and suttee, which had become so deeply rooted in the Hindu mind that they were looked upon as religious by the ignorant, it will probably succeed in doing away with this curse of India—the child marriage.

AN AMERICAN LIGHT-HOUSE HEROINE.

AN American light-house heroine is Abbie Burgess Grant. In the spring of 1851 her father, Samuel Burgess, was appointed keeper of Matinicus Rock light, twenty-five miles out in the Atlantic, off the coast of Maine. His eldest daughter, Abbie, was his only assistant. In the winter of 1856 a great storm arose while Captain Burgess was away, and for four weeks it was impossible to make a landing. During this time Abbie, then seventeen years old, tended the light faithfully. The following extract from a letter written by her shows the dangers and responsibilities in which this brave girl was placed.

"During this time we were without the assistance of any male member of our family. Though at times greatly exhausted with my labors, not once did the lights fail. Under God, I was able to perform all my accustomed duties as well as my father's.

"You know the hens were our only companions. Becoming convinced, as the gale increased, that unless they were brought into the house they would be lost, I said to mother, 'I must try to save them.' She advised me not to attempt it. The thought, however, of parting with them without an effort was not to be endured, so seizing a basket, I ran out a few yards after the rollers had passed, and the sea fell off a little, with the water knee-deep, to the coop and rescued all but one. It was the work of a moment, and I was back in the house with the door fastened; but I was none too quick, for at that instant my little sister, standing at the window, exclaimed: 'Oh! look! look there! the worst sea is coming.' That wave destroyed the old dwell-

ing and swept the rock. I cannot think you would enjoy remaining here any length of time, for the sea is never still, and when agitated, its roar shuts out every other sound, even drowning our voices."

In the spring of the following year Captain Burgess left the rock to get supplies, and the weather prevented him from returning. Waiting till famine stared them in the face, the son started in a little skiff, equipped with a sail, made with the aid of his sister, to obtain succor. Pushing from the rock in his frail craft, he was at first lost sight of in the trough of the sea; he reappeared on the top of the waves for a short distance, and was seen no more for twenty-one days, during which time the mother and four girls were reduced to a cup of corn-meal and one egg each per day. Added to the risk of perishing of famine in mid-ocean was the torturing suspense as to the fate of father and son. During all this time Abbie attended to the light, cared for her sick mother, and, by her spirit and example, cheered the little family clustered together on this wave-beaten rock in the Atlantic. Fortunately, father and son finally returned safely to their ocean home.

Abbie was married to a light-house keeper, Isaac H. Grant, and continued to help attend to the Matinicus beacon until 1875, when her husband was appointed to White Head light. She was still at this station at last accounts, but it was her ambition to retire to a farm.

The oldest light-house in the United States is that on Little Brewster Island, Boston Harbor. It was finished in 1716. In 1718, George Worthylake, the first keeper, was drowned with his wife and daughter, and Benjamin Franklin printed a ballad about it.

Major Heap's book deals with questions relating to light-houses largely from a technical stand-point; but the extracts from it given above will serve to show that it is also full of matter of exceeding interest to the general reader.

THE CROMWELL HOUSE SCANDAL.

THE story that comes over the cable from London relating how Sir Thomas Freake deals with one of that class of parasites whom Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger has so wittily dubbed "little brothers of the rich," is one of the most extraordinary of the many strange ones that reach us from the English capital. Whether Sir Thomas was justified in robbing a blackmailer of his keys and forging a telegram to save the name of a woman who was compromised, is a matter for the law courts of England to decide. But general public sympathy will lie with the robber.

No. 1 Cromwell Houses, or Cromwell House, as it is generally called, was well known to Americans in the days when Eliza, Lady Freake, the mother of Sir Thomas, entertained so hospitably there. The little theatre where the blackmailer was beguiled in order to see some scenery that Sir Thomas said he wished to sell, is where many a then struggling American artist, who has now gained fame and riches, made his or her debut before a London public. It was there that the Bach Choir, whom some one rudely called "The Bacchantes" (*Bach-chanter*), was first instituted and where Jenny Lind led the sopranos. And the headaches that have emanated from the cellar where the "compromised woman of society" implored the blackmailer to return her letters, and the garrotting was eventually done, have racked many an American brain, for Lady Freake, like hundreds of other rich and hospitable women, knew not good wine from bad.

Sir Charles Freake, the father of the present baronet, was originally a hod-carrier, and helped to build some of the houses in fashionable Belgrave Square; among others, Downshire House, which was lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. He made an enormous fortune by speculating in land in South Kensington and was offered a baronetcy about thirty years ago, but refused it. However, some time later, to please his good wife, who wished to become "my lady," he accepted the title. He died beloved by all, a good simple old man who was never ashamed of his origin and who had helped in an unostentatious way many a young man to start in life. By his will Sir Charles's fortune

was so tied up that Sir Thomas, who had the reputation of being more than rather wild, was only allowed to touch an allowance, the property being settled on the grandson.

Lady Freake, good soul though she was, had her weaknesses, as all we mortals have. With her they were her h's, an idea that she could write French plays, that she could only say her prayers in the language of the Gaul, and a love for entertaining royalty and royalty. Whenever any one invented a remark worthy of Mrs. Malaprop it was foisted on to poor Lady Freake. It was told of her that when she was congratulated upon the success of one of her entertainments to which royalty had been bidden, but did not come, she replied to the remark: "Why, all the world's here!" "Oh, no, only the *demi-monde*;" that she once invited a young man to "come and take tea at the Grey'ound, at 'Ampton Court, *aux bords de la Tamise* quite *sub rosa*;" and that she refused an introduction to a fair Philadelphian, as she came from "the city of free love."

It is more than probable that these tales were mere fiction. *Se non son vere son ben trovati.*

PAINTED FANS.

A NEW chapter in the history of the fan has opened. The art of the Watteaus, the Vanloos, and the Bouchers is experiencing a revival, and the painted fan is in high favor with fashionable ladies. One rising young Parisian artist gives up his time entirely to decorating the semi-circular panels for fans, and has been so successful that his work has attracted the attention of collectors who have heretofore refused to look at anything later than the beginning of this century. The work of the present fan-painters has all the delicacy of color and grace of design that made the old court-painters famous; at the same time it has a character of its own. It shows strength where the old fan-painters have been accused of being monotonously thin and feeble in their work, and, at the same time, there is no less refinement or beauty. The designs are chiefly cupids and nymphs carrying graceful garlands, instead of the shepherdesses and ladies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The panels are painted in water-colors on vellum, and vary in price from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars. This is only one item in the cost of the fan, however, for such a decoration requires to be set off by ivory sticks and silver mountings, which cost a great deal more.

HAPPY CONVICTS.

THE one endeavor of the governors of the French convict settlement in New Caledonia seems to be to make their charges happy. One of the latest efforts in this line was to import from Paris opera scores, on the theory that music softens men's manners. An amiable and grateful midnight murderer thereupon wrote a poem blessing the governor as the father and benefactor of the convicts.

Well-behaved convicts receive a farm, agricultural implements, and provisions for thirty months. Family joys are not denied them. Marriages between male and female convicts are frequent, and the government contributes as wedding presents one hundred francs for the bride's trousseau, three hundred francs for building a house, and provisions for thirty months.

The convicts live in villages whose cottages are almost hidden by rose-bushes and are surrounded by gardens filled with yuccas, ferns, and banana-trees. Concerts, balls, and private theatricals are frequent.

The convicts appreciate the happiness of their lot.

Père la Chopinette, an old Norman peasant condemned for having murdered two aged relations, was asked if he never thought of his country.

"And why should I think of my country?" he replied. "I have brought my two sons out here, and every year they put away a large bag of sous. If I had only known what the life is here I would have killed the old folks ten years ago."

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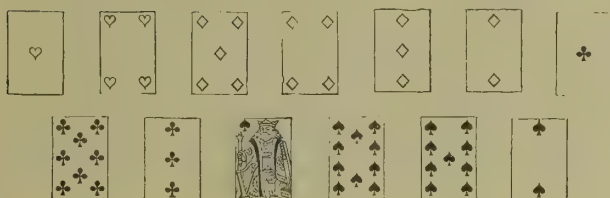


WHIST.

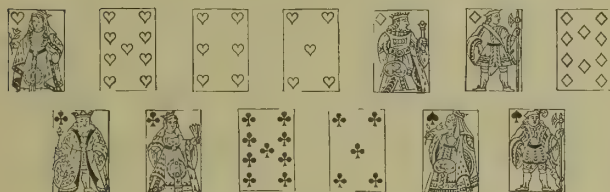
DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEM NO. III.

By F. M. L.

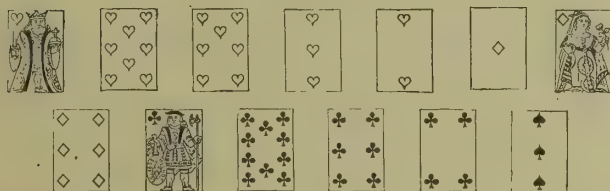
A's Hand.



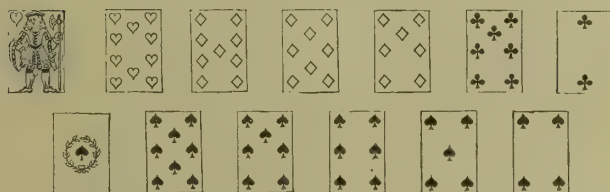
X's Hand.



B's Hand.



Z's Hand.



Clubs trumps. A to lead. A and B to make four (4) by cards.

SOLUTION TO D. D. PROBLEM NO. II. IN VOL. IV., NO. 34.

I.

1. Z leads diamond ace. B trumps it.
2. B wins four rounds of trumps. A discards four diamonds.
3. B leads spade 2. A wins.
4. A leads club ace.
5. A leads club knave. Z discards diamond.
6. A leads club 10. Z discards diamond. B wins it.
7. B leads club 9. Z discards diamond. A discards spade 4.
8. B leads club 8. Z discards spade or diamond. A discards the opposite to Z.
9. A must make last two tricks. It will be the same if X leads diamond.

II.

1. B leads and wins four rounds of trumps.
2. A discards diamond 2 and three clubs.
3. B wins four rounds of clubs. A discards diamond 3, diamond 4, diamond 5, and spade 4. Z discards club queen, and diamond 10, king, queen.
4. B leads club 6. Z discards diamond king, A discards spade 9. (a)
5. B leads spade 2. A wins.
6. A leads diamond 6. B trumps.
7. B leads spade 3. A wins.
8. A leads thirteenth diamond.

III.

If A, X, or Z leads club, B wins it, and continues exactly as in Variation II.

IV.

If X or Z leads spade, A wins trick one, and leads club knave won by B, and the play continues as in Variation II.

(a)

9. B leads club 6. Z discards spade 10. A discards diamond 6.
10. B leads spade 2. A wins.
11. A leads spade ace.
12. A leads spade 9.
13. B makes 13th trump.

SOLUTION OF THE END-GAME IN VOL. IV., NO. 34.

If A leads trump, the case is simple.

If A leads spade 10, X puts on spade 8.

If A leads spade ace, X puts on spade king.

So that Z may in both cases be able to get the lead and play through A, enabling X to make his tenace in trumps.

DRAUGHTS.

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF INTERESTING GAMES.

AN interesting "Double-Corner" played between Messrs. F. H. Strud and A. Jordan.

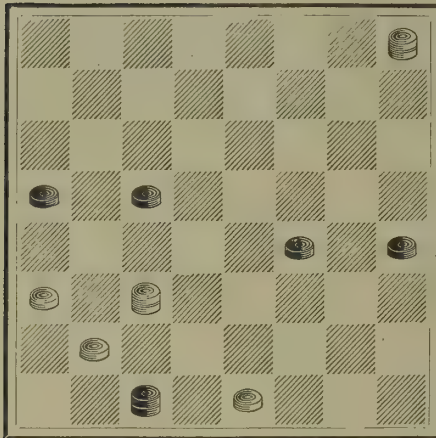
9 to 14	17 to 14	17 to 22
22 to 18	10 to 17	18 to 14
5 to 9	21 to 14	22 to 26
25 to 22	2 to 6	23 to 18
12 to 16	29 to 25	16 to 23
24 to 19	8 to 11	18 to 15
8 to 12	(a) 25 to 22	26 to 31
22 to 17	7 to 10	27 to 18
9 to 13	14 to 7	31 to 26
18 to 9	3 to 10	14 to 9
13 to 22	22 to 17	6 to 10
26 to 17	16 to 20	15 to 6
6 to 22	17 to 13	1 to 10
30 to 26	10 to 14	9 to 6
11 to 15	31 to 26	26 to 23
26 to 17	11 to 16	Black wins.
15 to 24	26 to 22	
28 to 19	14 to 17	
4 to 8	22 to 18	

(a) 27 to 24, 16 to 20, 23 to 18, etc., draws.

PROBLEM NO. III.

By T. Spowart.

Black.



White.

Black to play and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. II. IN VOL. IV. No. 34.

30 to 25	13 to 6.	32 to 23	23 to 19
22 to 29 (I.)	18 to 24	12 to 16	16 to 23
9 to 6	6 to 22	22 to 18	18 to 27
2 to 9	24 to 27	29 to 25	White wins.

Variation I.

15 to 24	2 to 9	12 to 16	29 to 25
28 to 19	13 to 22	15 to 11	11 to 8
22 to 29	20 to 24	16 to 19	White wins.
9 to 6	19 to 15	22 to 26	

CHESS.

OUR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

THE problem composers of the world are respectfully invited by the editors of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN to join in two competitions under the auspices of that magazine, as follows:

1. Three-move problems :
First prize, twenty dollars.
Second prize, one year's subscription of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.
Third prize, five dollars.
2. Two-move problems :
First prize, fifteen dollars.
Second prize, one year's subscription of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.
Third prize, five dollars.

Competitors can send in any number of problems they choose, in each or in both classes. The problems must be original and must not have been published. They must be on diagrams. Each competitor must adopt a motto, that must be written on the diagram and on a sealed envelope containing the full name and address of the author. Full solutions must accompany each problem.

The time for receiving entries from the United States and Canada will expire January 15, 1891; from Central and South America and trans-oceanic countries, February 1, 1891. In the latter cases due allowance will be made should any entry arrive on a delayed steamer due to arrive on or before the day fixed.

Messrs. Dr. O. F. Jentz and F. M. Teed have kindly agreed to act as judges. The sealed envelopes will be opened when the award is made, and each competitor will be forwarded copies of the numbers of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN that contain the prize problems.

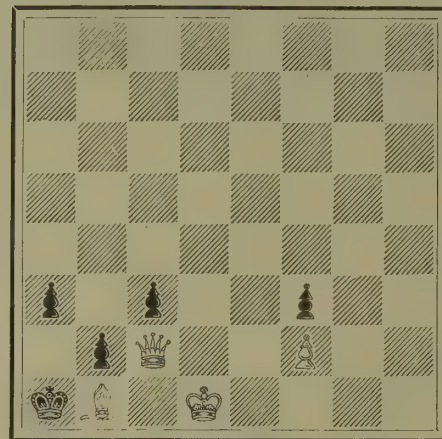
Address, "The Chess Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

PROBLEM NO. IV.

(A pretty and easy three-mover.)

By S. T.

Black, 5 pieces.



White, 4 pieces.

White to move and mate in three.

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF INTERESTING GAMES.

A spirited game played between Messrs. M. (white) and A. (black), White giving the odds of Q. Kt.

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

Remove White's Q's. Kt.

White: M.

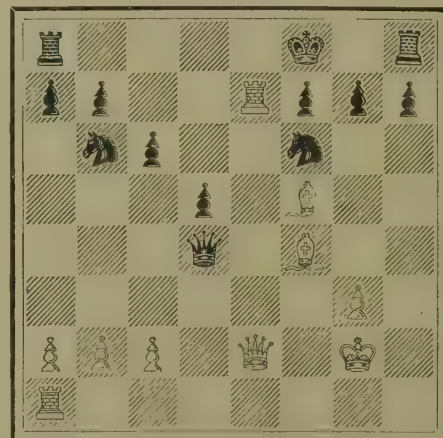
Black: A.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 3. P. to Q. 4. |
| 4. P. to K. 5. | 4. B. to K. Kt. 5. |
| 5. P. to Q. 4. | 5. B. takes Kt. |
| 6. Q. takes B. | 6. Q. to R. 5 (ch.). |
| 7. P. to K. Kt. 3. | 7. P. takes P. |
| 8. P. takes P. | 8. Q. takes Q. P. |
| 9. B. to Q. 3. | 9. Q. takes K. P. (ch.). |
| 10. K. to B. 2. | 10. Q. to K. B. 3. |
| 11. B. to K. B. 4. | 11. P. to Q. B. 3. |
| 12. K. R. to K. sq. (ch.). | 12. B. to K. 2. |
| 13. Q. to K. Kt. 4. | 13. Kt. to Q. 2. |
| 14. B. to K. B. 5. | 14. Q. to Q. 5 (ch.). |
| 15. K. to Kt. 2. | 15. K. Kt. to K. B. 3. |
| 16. R. takes B. (ch.). | 16. K. to B. sq. (a) |
| 17. Q. to K. 2. | 17. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3. |

(a) Black could not take the R. without losing the Q. by B. to Q. 6. (ch.).

POSITION AFTER BLACK'S SEVENTEENTH MOVE.

Black, 13 pieces.



White, 10 pieces.

White announced mate in 4 moves, beginning with R. takes P. (ch.).

EVANS GAMBIT.

(A brilliancy between Max and L. Lange.)

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| White: M. L. | Black: L. L. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 3. K. B. to B. 4. | 3. K. B. to B. 4. |
| 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | 4. B. takes Kt. P. |
| 5. P. to Q. B. 3. | 5. B. to Q. R. 4. |
| 6. P. to Q. 4. | 6. K. P. takes P. |
| 7. Castles. | 7. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 8. B. P. takes P. | 8. K. Kt. takes P. |
| 9. P. to Q. 5. | 9. Kt. to K. 2. |
| 10. Q. to Q. 4. | 10. Kt. to Q. 3. |
| 11. Q. takes Kt. P. | 11. K. R. to Kt. sq. |
| 12. Q. takes R. P. | 12. K. Kt. takes B. |
| 13. Q. B. to Kt. 5. | 13. K. R. to B. sq. |
| 14. Q. Kt. to Q. 2. | 14. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 15. P. to Q. 6. | 15. P. takes P. |
| 16. Q. R. to K. sq. | 16. Kt. takes Kt. (ch.). |
| 17. Kt. P. takes Kt. | 17. B. takes R. |
| 18. R. takes B. | 18. P. to K. B. 3. |
| 19. Q. to Kt. 6 (ch.). | 19. R. to B. 2. |

And M. Lange announced mate in three moves.

An interesting game, played by correspondence in the International Tournament of *Le Monde Illustré*, between Messrs. Marlin and Reboul.

PHILIDOR DEFENCE.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| White: Marlin. | Black: Reboul. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 2. P. to Q. 3. (a) |
| 3. P. to Q. 4. (b) | 3. P. takes P. |
| 4. Q. takes P. (c) | 4. B. to Q. 2. (d) |
| 5. B. to K. 3. | 5. Kt. to K. B. 3. |
| 6. Kt. to Q. B. 3. | 6. B. to K. 2. |
| 7. B. to Q. B. 4. | 7. Kt. to Q. B. 3. |
| 8. Q. to Q. 2. | 8. Kt. to K. 4. |
| 9. Kt. takes Kt. | 9. P. takes Kt. |
| 10. Castles K. R. | 10. B. to Q. Kt. 5. (e) |
| 11. P. to K. B. 4. | 11. Q. to K. 2. (f) |
| 12. P. takes P. | 12. Kt. takes P. (g) |
| 13. Q. to Q. 5. | 13. Kt. takes Kt. (h) |
| 14. P. takes Kt. | 14. B. takes P. |
| 15. B. to K. Kt. 5. (i) | 15. Q. takes B. |
| 16. Q. takes B. P. (ch.). | 16. K. to Q. sq. |
| 17. Q. R. to Q. sq. | 17. B. to Q. 7. |
| 18. R. to B. 2 (j) | 18. B. to K. Kt. 5. |
| 19. Q. R. takes B. (ch.). | 19. Q. takes R. |
| 20. R. takes Q. (ch.). | 20. K. to Q. B. sq. |
| 21. P. to K. 6. | 21. B. takes P. |
| 22. B. takes B. (ch.). | 22. K. to Q. Kt. sq. |
| 23. Q. takes Kt. P. | 23. R. to K. sq. |
| 24. Q. to Q. 7. | 24. P. to Q. R. 3. |
| 25. Q. takes R. (ch.). | 25. K. to R. 2. |
| 26. Q. to K. 7. | 26. K. to Kt. 3. |

White mates in three moves.

We publish this game, badly played by Black, merely for instruction's sake. Remarks:

- (a) We prefer the move Kt. to Q. B. 3.
 (b) We would prefer B. to Q. B. 4, giving to White a quicker development.
 (c) Better than Kt. takes P. If Kt. takes P. Black would play B. to Q. 2, followed by Q. Kt. to B. 3, with a good position.
 (d) If (4) Q. takes P.; Kt. to Q. B. 3. (5) B. to Q. Kt. 5; B. to Q. 2. (6) B. takes Kt.; P. takes B. (7) Kt. to Q. B. 3, with an excellent position for White.
 (e) A feeble move. We would prefer (10) Castles. (11) P. to K. B. 4; P. takes P. (12) B. takes P., B. to Q. B. 4 (ch.), B. to K. 3, B. to Kt. 3, with good position for Black.
 (f) It is evident that Kt. cannot take P., as White would play Q. to Q. 5, and if Kt. would go back to B. 3, P. would take P. and White would win.
 (g) This move lost the game. The only possible continuation for Black was: Q. takes P. (13) B. to Q. 4 (best move, as, in answer to any other move of White, Black would castle Q.'s side with excellent position); B. to Q. B. 4. (14) Q. R. to Q. sq., Castles Q. R., with a good position.
 (h) Even now B. to Q. B. 3 would have been better, but could not save Black's game.
 (i) Very well played.
 (j) White would force the game quicker by playing P. to K. 6; B. to Q. B. 3. (19) R. takes B. (ch.); Q. takes R. (20) P. to K. 7 (ch.); K. to B. sq. (21) B. to K. 6 (ch.); K. to Kt. sq. (22) Q. to B. 8 (ch.); R. takes Q. (23) R. takes R. (ch.), and mate in three moves.

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- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| White: Dr. L. C. | Black: Dr. Fred. M. |
| 1. P. to K. 4. | 1. P. to K. 4. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3. | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3. |
| 3. B. to B. 4. | 3. B. to B. 4. |
| 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4. | 4. B. takes P. |
| 5. P. to B. 3. | 5. B. to B. 4. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. P. to Q. 3. |
| 7. P. to Q. 4. | 7. P. takes P. |
| 8. P. takes P. | 8. B. to Kt. 3. |
| 9. P. to Q. 5. | 9. Kt. to R. 4. (a) |
| 10. B. to Kt. 2. | 10. P. to B. 3. (b) |
| 11. B. to Q. 3. | 11. Kt. to K. 2. |
| 12. Kt. to B. 3. | 12. Castles. |
| 13. Kt. to K. 2. | 13. Kt. to Kt. 3. |
| 14. Q. to Q. 2. (c) | 14. B. to Kt. 5. |
| 15. Kt. (K. 2) to Q. 4. (d) | 15. Kt. to K. 4. |
| 16. B. to B. 3. (e) | 16. B. takes Kt. (B. 3). |
| 17. Kt. takes B. | 17. Kt. (R. 4) to B. 5. |
| 18. Q. to K. 2. | 18. Kt. takes B. |
| 19. Q. takes Kt. | 19. Kt. to K. 4. |
| 20. Kt. takes Kt. (f) | 20. B. P. takes Kt. |
| 21. Q. R. to Q. sq. | 21. Q. to R. 5. |
| 22. R. to Q. 2. | 22. R. to B. 3. |
| 23. P. to Kt. 3. (g) | 23. Q. to R. 6. |
| 24. K. to R. sq. | 24. R. to B. 6! |
| 25. Q. to K. 2. | 25. Q. R. to K. B. sq. |
| 26. Resigns. | |

The ending is well played by the second player.

Black threatens. R. takes Kt. P. if (26) K. to Kt. sq., Q. R. to B. 3 and R. 3.

(a) Recommended, especially by German authorities, as Black's best reply, whether White play on his ninth move, Kt. to B. 3, or B. to Kt. 2, or P. to Q. 5. Mr. Steinitz, however, played, in his match *versus* Andersen, Q. Kt. to K. 2, and advocated it ever since. The objection to this move is that after P. to K. 5, Black would be compelled to play Kt. to R. 3, enabling White to create double pawns sooner or later by B. takes Kt. But Mr. Steinitz maintains that the double pawns are no disadvantage, as Black's stronghold lies on the queen's side, and that he can well afford to pay a small price for getting rid of White's attacking Q. B.

(b) The recognized move at this juncture is Kt. to K. 2. For the benefit of the student we show that White dare not capture the pawn: (11) B. takes P.; R. to K. Kt. sq. (12) B. to B. 6; Kt. takes B. (13) Q. to R. 4 (ch.); Q. to Q. 2. (14) Q. takes Kt.; R. takes P. (ch.). (15) K. to R. sq. (if K. takes R., then Q. to Kt. 5 (ch.), followed by Q. takes Kt. and B. to R. 6); Q. to R. 6. (16) Q. Kt. to Q. 2; B. to Kt. 5. (17) Q. to Kt. 3, Castles followed by Q. R. to Kt. sq., winning. The move in the text can be delayed until the adverse queen is posted, Q. 2, after which the same is necessary in order to prevent the threatened sacrifice, B. takes P.

(c) K. Kt. to Q. 4, at this point, would have given him an excellent attack. (d) One of the cardinal features of the attack in the Evans Gambit is to move the K. to R. sq. in order to advance either the B. P. or Kt. P. after R. to K. Kt. sq. This move at this point was the more opportune as he was met half way by Black's previous move. Should Black answer Kt. to K. 4, then (16) Kt. takes Kt.; B. P. takes Kt. (17) P. to B. 4 with good game, and if (15) B. takes Kt., (16) P. takes B.; Kt. to K. 4. (17) P. to B. 4, with a fine attack.

(e) Pure loss of time; still, K. to R. sq. was his play. (f) This exchange only renders matters worse. He ought to have played Q. to K. 2, and if Black take Kt., retaken with the pawn. (g) This loses speedily. R. to K. 2 was his defence.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS IN VOL. IV., No. 34.

Problem II.—1. R. to Q. 4; R. P. to R. 4. 2. R. to Q. R. 4; or, any move. 3. R. mates (on Q. 4 or on Q. R. 6).

Problem III.—1. Q. to R. 7; K. to B. 4. 2. Q. to B. 7 (ch.); K. moves. 3. Q. or B. mates. 1. Q. to R. 7; P. takes either P. 2. Q. to B. 5; any. 3. B. mates. 1. Q. to R. 7; P. to Kt. 5. 2. Q. to K. 7 (ch.); K. moves. 3. B. to Q. 3 mate, etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions of general interest to chess, whist, and checker players are invited. Any original matter in the shape of problems, games, or end-games will be welcome and receive every attention.

HECTOR SPYDER, Newark.—You are right. Problem No. I., in No. 33, has not been printed correctly, there ought to be a black pawn on Q. B. 5, to prevent a dual by 1 K. to K. 3. But even then the problem is not a real good one, as White has in one variation a double line of playing: 1. Q. to B. 2, if 1 Kt. to K. 5. White could mate in two moves, either by K. takes Kt. or by Q. to Q. 2, ch.

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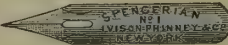

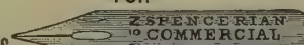

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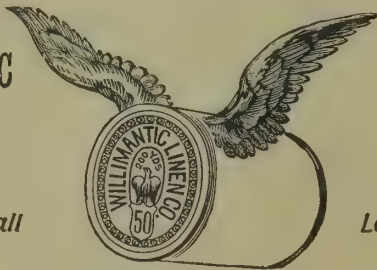
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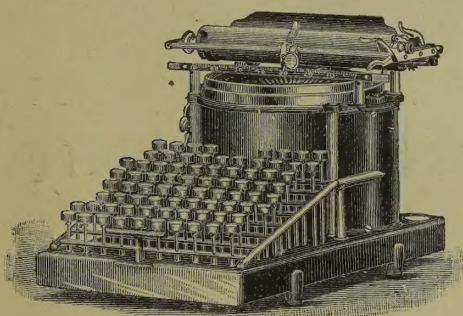
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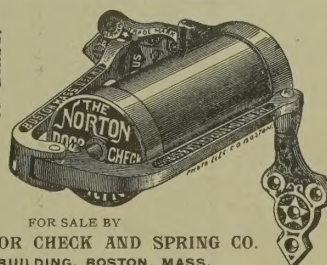


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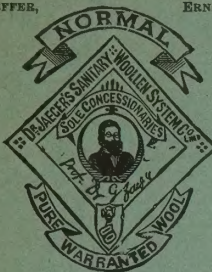
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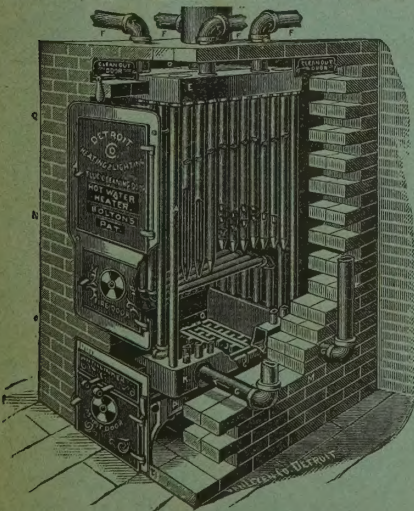
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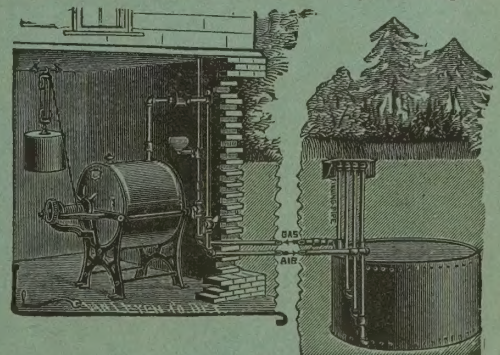
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